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"PASA EKKLESIA."

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

PASA EKKLESIA—*An original history of the Religious Denominations at present existing in the United States, &c., &c., &c., by Daniel Rupp, of Lancaster, Pa., author of "Der Matyrer Gheschechte." Philadelphia, G. Humphreys.*"

THE sincere lover of truth, when he takes up this extraordinary volume, finds himself bewildered in the very table of contents. Forty-odd different creeds, each claiming to possess the deposit of faith which our Lord entrusted to his own Holy Church: all, however, at variance, and not seldom in contradiction, with one another. The labyrinth of Crete did not contain more windings and turnings, and more perplexing and puzzling *ambages*, than this of the "PASA EKKLESIA." The art and cunning and perseverance of Dædalus himself would here be defeated. Well may it be said of this prospectus of Protestant "variations:"

Mille vias habuisse dolum, quo signa sequendi
Falleret indeprensus, et irremeabilis error.

The Catholic views these dark and inextricable mazes with a sentiment of pity for his fellow beings who are lost in them beyond recovery, and thankfulness to God, for the ineffable gift of the true Faith which has been vouchsafed to him. In his hands, unworthy, indeed, but nevertheless favoured, has been placed a torch which, lighted at the altar of apostolic Truth, cannot be extin-

guished even amidst the palpable gloom of error which frowns upon this labyrinth of Protestantism: with this blessed torch firmly grasped in his hands, he finds no difficulty in threading the otherwise "irremeable" mazes. But, on the contrary, he passes through, surrounded with a stream of lustre, by the aid of which, all the contradictions, variations, errors, heresies, which infest them, and which are the procreation of Protestantism, are brought manifestly before his observation.

That I may not appear to make an unwarrantable assertion, I will enumerate the various "churches" (Christ makes mention of only ONE church) whose *rise, progress, statistics, and doctrine*, are treated of in this large volume:

1. Associate Presbyterian; 2. Associate Reformed; 3. Baptists; 4. *Free-will* Baptists; 5. *Seventh-day* Baptists; 6. Baptists or Brethren, German; 7. Christians, or Christian Connection; 8. Church of God; 9. Congregationalists; 10. Cumberland Presbyterians; 11. Dutch Reformed; 12. Disciples of Christ; 13. Protestant Episcopal Church; 14. Evangelical Association; 15. Friends, or Quakers; 16. Friends; 17. German *Reformed* Dutch; 18. The Jews; 19. Evangelical Lutheran; 20. Latter Day Saints; 21. Moravians; or *Unitas Fratrum*; 22. The Methodist Society; 23. Methodist *Episcopal*; 24. Methodist *Protestant*; 25. *Reformed* Methodist; 26. The *Wesleyan* Methodist; 27. The Mennonites; 28. *Reformed* Mennonite Society; 29. Millenarianism; 30. New Jerusalem, or *New* Christian Church; 31. Omish, or Amish Church; 32. Presbyterian Church; 33. Presbyterian Church, again; 34. *Reformed* Presbyterian; 35. Restorationists; 36. Shakers; 37. Schwenkfelders; 38. Second Advent Believers; 39. United Brethren in Christ; 40. Unitarian Congregationalists; 41. Universalists; 42. Baptists, Seven-day, German.

Here, then, are the forty-odd CHURCHES, of which some, perhaps, before have not so much as been heard of by the Protestant reader himself. Obscure, limited to a handful of members, and, of course, confined to a mere fragment of the universal globe, throughout which the CHURCH, CATHOLIC and APOSTOLIC, was destined to be spread. Others have been modeled after some preceding sect, with certain modifications and changes. Others have sprung, like Minerva, out of the brain of some self-imaginary Jove; and these, in their turn, have been subjected to alterations; and the boasted Reformation has been reformed over and over again, until it finds itself blended with the rhapsodies and blasphemies of the Impostor of Nauvoo.

Now, when the Catholic is taunted with the supposed absurdities and errors of what—particularly since the discovery of the *via media* of Puseyism—is so elegantly and courteously styled "Romanism," he need but open this book, exhibit the contents, and confidently answer:—Should I abandon the ancient church of Rome, to which of these forty-

odd should I be bound to attach myself? What would the Episcopalian say—what the Methodist, the Presbyterian, the Quaker, the Unitarian, the Moravian, the Universalist?—They are all the offspring of the "*glorious Reformation*;" they are the fruits of the rankly-luxuriant germ of Protestantism. They are all—in essential points frequently—opposed to one another, but, at the same time, rally *en masse*, when occasion requires their combined hostility, against the venerable mother, from whom, in their origination, they separated; and thereby awfully incurring that terrible rebuke uttered, in her name, by the Prophet of yore: *Filios enutrivi et despexerunt me.**

Let us look more particularly into the contradictory articles of creed by which these churches, as they denominate themselves, are branded by their own acknowledgement. Take, for instance, the "formula of questions proposed to private members on their admission to fellowship" in the Associate Presbyterian church, and compare it with that of any other of the different sects, and judge of them all accordingly. It requires but three conditions, couched in terms so generic that I cannot see the necessity of having originated the *Reformed* Associate church, if the "Associate" was true and sufficient. Of these conditions, the first is to believe the old and New Testament to be the word of God, "and the only Rule of faith and practice." The second to adhere to the "Westminster confession of faith," (why have a confession of faith if the Scriptures be the *only* rule?) and other formularies and catechisms—and the third, to *resolve to continue* in this faith, and be subject to *the order and discipline of the House of God*, &c., (page 12.)

The Scriptures, which are the "only rule of faith," *seem* to present the grim doctrine of Presbyterianism to the Presbyterian, and Mennonism to the Mennonite, and Unitarianism to the Unitarian. But they cannot do so, in *reality*, because they cannot present contradictions. One of these three only (supposing that any one of them was contained in the Bible,) can be conformable to the Holy Writings. Which is it? This is a question which will puzzle all the ingenuity of Protestantism to answer.—The late controversy between two Protestant ministers on the subject of the divine institution of Bishops, has given melancholy and notorious proof of the insufficiency of the *silent* authority of the Bible: for, the Episcopalian contends most earnestly

* I have brought up children and exalted them: and they have despised me. Isaiah, chap. i., v. 2. With regard to Luther, Calvin, Menno, and all the primitive Reformers, this is literally true. They were nourished and trained up by their Holy Mother, against whom, afterwards, they turned all their strength. The arms they wielded and abused, were taken from the arsenal of the church. If, as their disciples boast, those Heresiarchs were learned and skilled in logic, their learning and logical skill were drawn from that source which, very inconsistently, by these same persons, is so flippantly pronounced to have been covered with dense shadows of ignorance and superstition.

that this institution is found in the Holy Writings, whilst the Presbyterian rejects it with indignant vehemence, as an abuse which crept into the Church, and which the Reformation in England, at least, was not able to correct.

Hence it is, that, taking the sacred volume as their only guide and norma, the Mennonites* regard the rite of *feet-washing* as indispensable, and as binding on their members as the breaking of the bread and drinking of the chalice. In the 1st article, (page 196,) we read the following declaration:

"*Of washing the Saints' feet.*—We also confess the washing of the Saints' feet, which the Lord not only instituted and *commanded*, but he actually washed the Apostles' feet, although he was their Lord and Master, and gave them an example that they should wash one another's feet, and also do as he had done uuto them: they, as a matter of course, taught the believers to observe this as a sign of true humility, and particularly as directing the mind by *feet-washing* to that right washing by which we are washed in his blood, and have our souls made pure."†

* So called from Menno Simon, born in Friesland in 1495. This man had, before his defection from the ancient Church, exercised the functions of the Priesthood in the village of Pinningum. He consulted Luther, Bucer, Bullinger and others, who filled his mind *with evangelical light!* But, notwithstanding, he could not tolerate the other light which illumined the Munsterites!

† In vindication of their observance, they, of *course*, refer the reader to Scripture: to John, chap. xiii., 4, 17. First Timothy, v. 10. Genesis, xvii., 4; xiv., 2; xxiv., 32; xliii., 24. But the other Protestant denominations, whose exclusive standard is the same Bible, have done away with the rite. Upon what authority?

Indeed, by following the plain texts of the Scripture, every Christian sect would be under the obligation of observing this ordinance, and, according to Protestant principles, none has a right to reject it, or dispense with it. The rejection or dispensation must be derived from some other tribunal, invested with supreme and discretionary power, in all such matters.

A similar inconsistency is woven around the creed of the Reformists, with regard to the sunday. The Seventh-day Baptists violently contend against its observance, and join with the Jews in the celebration of the Sabbath. The common practice of the Christian world is not only rejected as anti-scriptural, but is attributed to the tyranny of Rome. "But the same tyranny that affected the Church of Rome, spread its baneful influence over the island of Great Britain."* Why did not that island, when she emerged from the depths

* Page 71. Why not extend that tyranny at once to the whole world. Other *Protestant* sects seem quite willing to side with Rome in this respect, and *condemn* their *Protestant* brethren! The tyranny that forced this *superstition* on England, was the same that unfurled the banners of the Cross through the Monk Augustine, on that ungrateful soil. Vid. Lingard's *Anglo-Saxon Church*, page 23. Fithian's edition, Philadelphia.

of error in which she had lain buried for so many centuries, under the supremacy of Rome, shake off this yoke, and adopt the pure and Scriptural observance—as the Seventh-day Baptists will have it—of the sabbath! or at least, why did not the sects in the United States, cast it upon the ground, with that of the tyranny of *Protestant* England, and vindicate themselves into the liberty of the sons of God?

The "Disciples of Christ," who confine themselves to the *very language of Scripture*,* and scruple the use of any scholastic terms or phrases, and, therefore will not allow of the word *Trinity*, still do not adhere to the practice of the Seventh-day Baptists, touching the sanctification of the sabbath; but set apart the first day of the week. And, in order to reconcile their practice with their theory, they put forth this very weak apology:

"They are accustomed to set apart the first day of the week, not as a Jewish or Christian *sabbath*, but as commemorative of the resurrection of Christ," &c.† Whatever respect they may profess and entertain for that glorious event, I am at a loss to perceive how they carry out here their fundamental principle of confining themselves to the *very language of the Scripture*. "Remember thou, keep holy the sabbath day" is a precept positive and unequivocal, and which the new Testament no where repeals.‡

Another branch of the Reformation, styling themselves "Millenarians," are fully convinced that the Scriptures teach the doctrine of a thousand years duration of the reign of Messiah on earth; that Jerusalem shall be the capital of his empire, "a pure theocracy will thus be established over the whole earth, and the primeval communion and intercourse with Eden will be in a great measure restored between heaven and earth.* The doctrine here promulmulgated is said to have been that "of the primitive church of Christ for the whole of the three first centuries of history." But that holy doctrine, so bright and universal, was unfortunately obscured by the workings of the "Man of Sin." And yet the other sects of Protestantism unite with the "Man of Sin," this time, in rejecting Millenarianism. The fact is, that this error sprang up at a very early period, in the Church, and is altogether distinct

* Page 260. Mark this. † Page 259.

‡ The celebration of the Sunday instead of the sabbath, like many other practices not commanded in the Holy Writings, depends on the authority of *Tradition*. It was introduced by the Church, and by her handed down to us. This authority Saint Augustine recognised and respected, when he preferred to adhere to the usage of the Church touching the re-baptism of heretics, rather than adopt the opinion of Saint Cyprian, who shed his blood for that very church. "Non accipio inquam, quod de baptizandis hœretics et schismaticis beatus Cyprianus santit, *quia hoc Ecclesia non accepit*, pro qua beatus Cyprianus sanguinem fudit."—*Contr. Crescon. Gramm. lib.* ii., *cap.* xxxii.

* Page 516.

from the notions of the "Millenians," which at least comprised a very spiritual theory: and had no homogeneity whatever with the gross ideas of the former.—The father of Millenarianism was the impostor Cerinthus, who dogmatised in the second century.—He pretended (like a notorious character of the present times) to have had visions of angels, who revealed to him that Christ should reign on earth a thousand years after the resurrection of the just, before the universal judgment: during which, all criminal indulgences should be enjoyed—the city of Jerusalem and the temple should be rebuilt—the precepts of the Mosaic law should be enforced. His disciples were denominated *Millenarii* and *Chiliastæ*.*—These are the religious ancestors of this modern society, which, however, have somewhat purified the original system. Some of the ancient Fathers, and particularly Papias, taught that the Messiah was to reign on earth a thousand years, but they differed totally from Cerinthus: inasmuch as they made no mention of the rebuilding of the temple, the reenforcing of the law of Moses, or the enjoyment of sensual gratifications. Until the church had pronounced on this question, her children were free to admit the opinions of the Papias: but afterwards, when she spoke in the Œcumenical Councils of Florence and Trent, it was rejected, and must be rejected by all in her communion.*

The author of the article on Millenarianism, the Rev. John S. Ebaugh, could not enter upon this subject without letting off the usual discharge against the Catholic Church, in these *polite* terms: "These doctrines were at length buried, as it were, under the idle, and God-dishonoring rites and ceremonies of the baptized heathenism which constituted the service of the church of Rome."† Ignorance prejudice, and error, drive men to the most fatal extremes: and while they are enveloped in dreadful darkness, they boast of "illuminating rays," and the "precious doctrines of the Millenium," (*precious* doctrines Protestantism does not generally recognise,) "which, in their diffusion, gave life and animation to the church of Immanuel." But we are more and more, after the comparison already made, at a loss to

* Vid. Hist. Eccles. De Graveson, pag. 30. *Bassani*, 1793.

* Cerinthus was coeval with St. John the Evangelist, as we learn from S. Irenœus, (lib. 3. adv. Heres. cap. 3.) who relates that St. John, on going to the bath and seeing there that notorious heresiarch, immediately withdrew, "lest the edifice might fall upon him." *Fugiamus hinc, ne balneum, in quo Cerinthus Veritatis inimicus moratur subito concidens nos opprimat.*—The Apostle styled Cerinthus the *enemy of truth:* and this enemy of truth was the father of Millenarianism. Was *he* not the "Man of Sin?"

† Cerinthus surely did not act upon the principle of our modern Universalists: for he rejected all the Gospels, except St. Mathew's, as also the acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles of St. Paul. *Vol.* I., *Graveson, pag.* 29,

find out—on Protestant grounds—which is that "church of Immanuel."

Perhaps the Universalists are convinced that *they*, by searching the Scriptures, have as much right to derive their "precious doctrines" from their pages, as the Millenarians and others possess. And thus, with one sweep of the Bible, they extinguish the eternal flames of Hell, and overturn the entire fabric of Protestantism. In vindication of their creed—that *Hades* or hell shall exist no more after the resurrection of the dead—they appeal to Scripture, and cite Hebr. ii. 14; 1 John, iii. 8; 1 Cor., xv. 54, 57. And after analyzing them, in triumphant acclamation they declare, "the great general sentiment of the *final, universal* salvation of all moral beings from sin and death: or in another phraseology, the "Abrahamic faith."

Though the Scriptures are the only acknowledged fountains of the true doctrines, in the estimation of Protestantism, still there is a singular disposition even in the most latitudinarian to seek them elsewhere. Accordingly the Universalists recur to Origen, to Marcellus, Bishop of Ancyra, to the Gnostics and Manicheans, for the truth of their doctrine.* To such sources—especially the two last—it ill becomes a sect, resting its claims upon Christian grounds, to trace up their dogmas. With regard to the opinions of Origen, we know that on this point, as well as several others, he—great and learned as he was—most fatally erred. Insomuch, that St. Epphanius, in his book on heresies, ranks him among heretics.* Deeply tinctured with the system of Platonic Philosophy, he planted, perhaps unintentionally, the germ of pernicious theories, which was afterwards prolific in the errors of Arianism, Pelagianism, and Universalism.

Marcellus, Bishop of Ancyra, is no authority for sectarians of the present day, as we read that he was devotedly attached to the Sovereign Pontiff and the holy church of Rome. He assisted at the Council of Nice, and asserted the cause of faith against the attempts of the Arians; and, when accused of having fallen into the errors of Sabellius, and deposed on that pretext, in a council of Constantinople, in 336, he appealed to Pope Julius I., and was restored, by the supreme authority of that Pontiff, to his See.†

I have no doubt that "Universalism" may be discovered among the numberless reveries and blasphemies of the Gnostics. But is it not appal-

* Page 722.

* St. Basil, likewise, in his treatise *de Spiritu Sancto, cap.* 20, affirms that Origen entertained erroneous opinions regarding the Holy Ghost. By the fifth general Council, anathema was pronounced against his writings. Pope Gelasius, in a council of seventy Bishops, held at Rome in 494, proscribed all the works of Origen, which St. Jerome had condemned. *Graveson*, tom. 1, page 54.

† St. Athanasius lived in communion with Marcellus, as he testifies in his Epistle *ad Solitarios;* and St. Basil in his Epistles, 52, 84, 87.

ling to the believer in Christianity to find a denomination affecting to belong to the Christian family, numbering among their founders such a sect as the Gnostics?—a sect that denied God to be the creator of the world; the real body of Christ; the resurrection of the dead; and, in the place of the Bible, adopted strange productions, under the titles of the Gospels of Eve, of Salome, of Peter: books of the Infancy of the Saviour, Prophecies of Barcoph, Cham, Zoroaster, Orpheus, and others.* Their code of morals was as infamous as their creed was blasphemous.

Nor were the Manicheans any better. Their founder, Manes, was given to the art magic; admitted two souls in every individual—one good, the other evil—which, after death, continued in a state of transmigration from body to body; prohibited the use of flesh-meat, (quite *un*-Protestant,) and (still more so, if possible) the use of marriage as unlawful: while, at the same time, he proclaimed himself to be the Paraclete.†

To boast of such a man as their progenitor in their creed, what is it but to condemn themselves by their own judgment?

The "New Jerusalemites," or disciples of the *New* Christian church, have carried out the principles of the Reformation to their full extent.—And what Protestant can blame them? They start with a new Christian system, altogether. And the author of this article meets *in limine* the question which naturally breaks from the startled reader: "a new church! where is the necessity? and we meet the enquiry at the threshold. The reasons are many."* He then proceeds to state them; and in the course of his lucrubations, makes some very pertinent reflections. For instance:

"There was a time when the followers of the Lord were of one heart and one *mind:* but now we see them hopelessly sundered into Romanists on one side, and Greeks and Protestants on the other: and the latter rent into many-colored and uncompromising factions. And if there be a temporary or seeming union among them, neutral spectators still think or fear, that it is not because they love each other more, but Rome less."†

A very striking and candid avowal. But instead of forming a *new* church, why do not these "Christians" seek out that which produces the admirable harmony of heart and mind, which Protestantism has burst asunder?—That church—that old, primitive church—strong and imperishable by

* St. Irenæus, lib. 1. cap. 24. Euseb. cap. 7.

† It was from the follies of Manes that the great St. Augustine was converted to the true faith. His blindness of mind, and corruption of heart—while a prey to their pernicious and anti-Christian blasphemies—he deplores in the beginning of his book *de duabus animabus.* These errors were carried into Spain by one Mark, of whom Sulpicius Severus makes mention, *lib.* 2, *Hist. Sacr.*

* Page 520. † Ibid.

the promises of Christ, the parent of truth, peace, and happiness, still exists. Why not, then, I ask again, return into her bosom, eschew the ever-changing theory of Protestantism, and then, indeed, there would be no reason for their attempting to build up a *new* Temple to the God of truth, who has made his tabernable in the *old*. Abandoning that, the only rampart of sound doctrine, they plunge necessarily into the abyss of speculation, which, however, taking as *their* guide, too, the Scriptures, they boldly array against every notion except their own. "However, opposed to the received opinion, we think that the Scripture clearly teaches us that the earth abideth forever."* And in vindication of this, hundreds of texts are cited, both from the ancient and new Testaments: openly and gallantly rejecting all other authority, and asserting it all upon eminently Protestant principles. Hear their own language:

"This faith is essentially and intensely Protestant. They who believe that God himself will not do violence to the will or reason of his creatures, will scarce submit to the dictation of man in the affair of religion. But the past is not, therefore, useless to us. History is not an old almanac; and, in profiting of her lessons, we are not surprised at certain events she records, some occurring in our own day,—which seem strange to Protestants generally. Without doubt, our thanks are due to those who fought the battles of religious freedom and restored the Word of Life to the world. But here our commendation must stop; for through their imprudence the tide of victory was rolled back when at its height, and more than half the worth of the rescued treasure concealed for ages. Our Huguenot and Pilgrim sires resisted the tyranny of their day? and shall they exercise a posthumous dominion over us? We wonder not then that Erasmus, much as he desired the reformation of the church, should have held himself aloof from the intemperate party which undertook the task; or that Grotius, who had felt their want of moderation, should have returned in spirit to Rome. We wonder not that Turenne, and Conde, and Wallenstein, should have abandoned their Protestant predilections, and thrown their sword into the scale of civil law and political order, against the baneful doctrine of 'justification by faith alone,' now the article of a falling church. And when even the daughter of Gustavus yielded her father's sceptre and her father's religion to the wants of the heart, or imagination, if you will: we think the leaders of the church should have remembered that 'Straws may show the direction of the wind,' and have suspected some sad deficiency in what they had offered as 'the whole gospel.' Oxenstiern, who knew 'With how little wisdom the world was governed,' did not refer to politics alone. The great, wise, good Sully,—who advised his royal master, (where

* Page 522.

there was so little to choose between them,) to conform to the faith of his people, while he tolerated dissent,—had he served the English James, would doubtless have dissuaded him from giving 'three kingdoms for a mass.' Protestantism has too often warred against the refinements, the charites, the innocent pleasures of life. She has been charged with too great nakedness, and systematically refusing to worship the Lord in 'the beauty of holiness;' with favoring a tame mediocrity in all things; and where not propped by tithes, with being sustained by factitious excitement alone; and can we say 'without ground?' There is needed a comprehensive faith, which shall meet the wants of the great and little—the intellectual and the feeling—the imaginative and the practical. If invited to enlist under such a banner, would so many of the great Teutonic family of nations, with all their hereditary hatred of the Roman name, have continued submissive to her yoke? Would France have refused such a reform and accepted despotism instead? Would Popish Ireland have continued to this day a thorn in the side of her conqueror? We think not. And to us it seems natural, where both extremes erred so widely, and human nature was so long abused, that there should have been such phenomena as Mysticism, Quietism, and even Jansenism on the one hand,—and Pietism and Methodism on the other. And Puseyism is but an outbreak of the same feeling in a higher sphere. 'All,' [the different Christian churches,] says Hartley, 'have left the true, pure, simple religion, and teach for doctrines the commandments of men. They are all merchants of the earth, and have set up a kingdom of this world. They have all a dogmatizing spirit, and persecute such as do not receive their mark, and worship the images which *they* have set up.' Seeing, then, that their contemporaries were unworthy of true liberty, and knowing no middle ground, we wonder not that the great souls of Dryden, Kenelm Digby, and Du Perron, and, more recently, that Wickleman, Werner, and Genz, and Schlegel and Schelling should have renounced such masters and 'fled,' as they thought, 'from petty tyrants to the throne.'"

The cause of Truth never stood forth in more admirable relief than when upheld by such minds as Dryden's, Digby's Schlegel's, and Werner's. Who can read the "Hind and Panther?"* "The ages of faith"—one of the most extraordinary productions of the times, "The Philosophy of History"†—a mine of

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* Another great work of Dryden, after his conversion to the Catholic faith, was the translation of the life St. Francis Xavier, from the French of Pere Bouhours.

† Translated by James Burton Robertson, to whose indefatigable pen the English reader is indebted, also for the "Symbolism" of Dr. Moehler, lately published by Dunigan, of this city, a profound and invaluable treatise on the doctrinal differences between Catholics and Protestants. His account of the Anabaptists, Quakers, Methodists, Swedenborgians, Socinians and Ar-

erudition and wisdom; and the master-creations of genius of the other immortal converts, who, I ask, can read these works, without confessing that Catholicism has a right to her prerogatives, when they have been admitted, after elaborate investigation, by the profoundest philosophers and sublimest geniuses of ancient and recent times?

Pity that the author of the article on the New Jerusalem Church does not follow the example of such glorious men. But no; he attempts to defend his extreme position. He casts aside every thing *mysterious*,* denies, in their essence, the existence of *miracles*, and summons in his behalf, I know not how many texts of Holy Writ. Not content with differing from all sects that admit the divinity of Christ, the *Unitarians* are likewise condemned. "The Unitarian refuses to acknowledge more than one God—and *so far* we must confess he is right, while we regret that he persists in worshipping an abstraction.†" He has, however, one consolation, which, although he pre-eminently exults in it himself, all other Protestants are determined to share with him; and that he thus expresses:—"He who receives the 'TRUE *Christian religion*,' *as here delineated*, cannot but smile at the pretensions of Rome!" We "Romanists" must not forget that it is only he who receives Swedenborgian theories, *as here delineated*, not the professor of any other creed of Protestantism (for every other is false, as this alone is the *true* Church) that can set him down and fold his arms with perfect joy and composure while Rome's terrific thunder is shaking the Vatican, and terrifying the city and world: "*terruit urbem*," &c.—The Unitarian adoring his *abstraction* is in a dangerous way; the Episcopalian and others believing in mysteries and miracles, must be in a state of constant alarm and shuddering, while the Swedenborgian *smiles at the pretensions of Rome!*

Why the Unitarian should be condemned by the New Jerusalemite is truly wonderful; when he too, grounds his "abstractions," with no little learning and research, on the teaching of Scripture; especially as, on the grand Protestant right of private opinion, he hurls back upon his uncourteous brother a retributive condemnation. "Professing little reverence for human creeds, having no common standard *but the Bible*, and allowing, in the fullest extent, freedom of thought, and the liberty of every Christian to interpret for himself the records of divine revelation, *they look for diversity of opinion as the necessary result*. They see not how this is to be avoided without a violation of the grand Protestant principle of individual faith and liberty. They claim to be thorough

menians, deserves to be studied. See II. Part. Chap. 1, 2, 3, 4, &c.

* "Christianity is not *mysterious*. Miracles are not *violations* of the law of nature." Page 537.

† Page 543.

and constant Protestants."* And they unquestionably are what they claim to be; and as Protestants, they have a right to allow no check upon their opinions, if they honestly appeal to the one common standard of all sects—the Bible. See what a number of texts they cite to sustain their opinions. Rejecting, at the same time, however, those which militate against them.†

I stated that they are *consistent*; but on advancing farther into their proofs, I feel obliged to modify my concession: for I find, that not satisfied with *their* exposition of the Scripture, and determination to reject all human authority, still they do not hesitate to refer to Origen, who, "in piety, learning and talents, surpassed all the Christians of his day."‡ The following quotation is given from that father. "If we understand what prayer is, it will appear that it is never to be offered to any originated being, not to Christ himself, but only to God the Father of all, to whom our Saviour himself prayed, and taught us to pray."

Now this may, or may not be from Origen, for no reference is given to the original work from whence it is taken; and if ever such a reference would be required, it is here. Still, the proposition—taken from whom it may be—proves too much, and therefore, nothing. For, it would condemn all those who prayed to him, during his sojourn in the flesh, among the children of men: The prayer of the centurion, the prayer of the blind man on the roadside: *Jesus of Nazareth, have mercy on me!*—the prayers of the disciples amidst the tempest that raged on the lake; the prayer of the Samaritan women; the prayer of the thief on the cross,—all these prayers, so effectual and meritorious as proved by the result—would have been unlawful. Moreover, the Unitarian should not cease to bear in mind that Christ was *man*, at the same time that he was God, according to the doctrine of all Trinitarians, and the decision of the Universal Church assembled in the great Council of Nice; when Arianism (which, it ought be borne in mind, was very different, in all respects but one, from Unitarianism) was condemned and anathematised.*

Thus far I have traced through several denominations of Protestant-

* Page 704.

† Page 706. Take isolated passages from the Scriptures and attach them together, and what awful conclusions will be drawn from them. I remember the instance by which this was exemplified by the late venerable Dr. Brute, in his characteristic manner:—*And Judas went and hanged himself. . . . Go thou and do in like manner!* From this ridiculously disjointed collation of texts and fragments of texts, what abominations may not be made to flow?

‡ Page 707.

* It would be an endless task to glance even at the arguments by which the Divinity of Jesus, the Son of God and Saviour of mankind, is proved. The reader is referred to an unanswerable treatise on this subject—stored with erudition, pregnant with philosophy, and distinguished by eloquence—viz. "Unitarianism Refuted," by the late venerable Anthony Kholman, of the Society of Jesus.

ism the most palpable contradictions. Were I to proceed in the investigation, I should find Presbyterianism searing the Universalists with the red-hot iron of heresy. "One of the latest measures of the synod of New York was to bear testimony against the HERESY propagated by them, (the Universalists) who deny the doctrine of future punishment;"† and next, turning upon their "Episcopal Brethren," and condemning their doctrine on Prelacy as a relic of Popery, and unscriptural, and what is amusing, unpatriotic. "All the arguments which they profess to derive from Scripture in favor of their system, are *perfectly nugatory*, and do not yield it the least solid support: and while the advocates of Prelacy have mainly relied on the Fathers, the Fathers of the first two centuries are so far from furnishing a single passage which gives even a semblance of aid to the Episcopal cause that like the Scriptures, they every where speak a language wholly inconsistent with it."†

"The Episcopalians, on the contrary, staunch sons of the glorious Reformation, regard their Presbyterian "Brethren" as guilty of *heresy*; and rank them among sectarians.—And in their book of Common Prayer in the preface to the form and manner of making, ordaining, and consecrating Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, they charge Presbyterians with voluntarily shutting their eyes to evidence; and thereby, charge them with obdurate resistance of truth.—"It is evident to all men, diligently reading holy Scripture and ancient authors, that, from the apostles' times there have been three orders of ministers in Christ's Church—Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.*"

From all these jarring and heterogeneous sects it is refreshing to the mind, consoling to the heart of the Catholic, to turn to the history of the holy Church—always one, unchanging, and the same. The brief article found in this volume by Professor Walter, is ably and happily composed. The details of the first introduction of our religion into the colonies, the dogmas, liturgy, &c., will be found satisfactory, instructive, and interesting. The article headed "The Pope" should be attentively and dispassionately read by all Pro-

* Page 585 *Universalists.*

† Page 568. St. Epiphanius, it is presumed, was better acquainted with the sentiments of the primitive Fathers, than modern Presbyterians: he numbers among Heresiarch Aerius, who maintained the principles of the antihierarchists of the present day. "The Episcopal order, he declares, is for the engendering of *Fathers*, the other produces *Sons*." *Her.* 56. *alias* 77. *n.* 3. 4. And St. Chrysostom: the Bishops *are superior* to Presbyters only on account of their having power to confer ordinations." He uses the Greek word Pleonektein, that is *plus habere*—to posess more. *Hom.* 11. *in Ep.* I. *ad Tim. ad Cap.* 3. For a copious dissertation on this subject, see the great Canonist Van Espen. *Jus. Ece. Univ. Pars.* 11. *Sect.* 11. *Tit.* IX. *de Sacram. Ord.*

* Page 276. The Catholic appeals to the same evidence for the supremacy of the Pope: and considers the Episcopalians more inconsistent than other sectarians.

testants, of this country.

Change the date and the words of Dr. Butler in a sermon preached at Cambridge, on the installation of the Duke of Gloucester, may be properly applied even in this our happy republic. "Popery, as it is called, is still a theme of declamation to the old women and children of the year 1811.*"

* Read 1844.

FOR THE EXPOSITOR.

THE PROPHECY.

BY J. AUGUSTUS SHEA.

Dreaming amid Cantabria's hills,
I saw the skies expand,
And the red thunder downward hurl'd
From God's unerring hand.
The mountains trembled, and the seas
Were palsied as it roll'd,
And the furnace-heavens were blazing
With the lightning's firey gold.

Pale, through a tempest shatter'd cloud,
The sick moon stood on high,
Not full, but like a nerveless bow
Half bended in the sky.
Then spoke a voice—a mighty voice—
A voice that filled the earth
Like that Omnipotent Fiat
Which commanded light to birth.

"Behold!"—I saw Jerusalem,
'Mid her polluted towers:
"Behold!" exclaimed that voice again,
"Jerusalem is ours!"
The towers had crumbled where they stood,
The banners where they shone:
I looked to heaven—the sun was there,
And the crescent moon was gone.

Floating on Zion's holy hill
The banner cross appears;
And round the Sepulchre is drawn
A zone of serried spears:
Knelt the crusader host to hear
The joyous anthem pour'd
In glory to Jehovah,
For the Sepulchre restor'd.

The earth rejoiced in Zion's joy,
And gladness filled the sky,
As the various bannered pageantry
Of the strong Crusade went by;
And spoke again that warrior voice
"Behold!"—and now along
They moved with slow and measured pace,
And sanctity and song.

Godfrey, for whom in his own land
A bard shall wake the lyre;*

* Tasso.

Janered, in peace a gentle ray,
In war a shaft of fire:
Baldwin de Bourg—St. Julien young
Luthold and Eustace bold—
Repentant Raimond, and that chief
From Norman's fearless mould: *

Are they the martyr-host, who left
Their own delightful lands,
To slake with their abundant blood
Those hot and thirsty sands?
They too were there, the deathless brave,
The bravest of the host,
And good Adhemar† spared the least,
But oh! beloved the most!

* Robert of Normandy. † Bishop of Puy.

And as that bright procession moved
So gloriously on,
With cross and sabre, lance and shield,
And glittering gonfalon.
New voices from the heavens came down,
The sun grew brighter still,
And like a diadem reposed
On Zion's holy hill.

"'T is finished!" said that voice. Again
I saw that cloud expand;
The choirs of Heaven on golden harps
Sang triump o'er the land:
The mountains answered, and the seas
In choral concert roll'd'
The dream is broke—the vision's o'er—
The Prophecy is told.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

CHAPTER I.

One bright morning in June, in 1842, as the first rays of the sun streamed though the windows of the Abbey, a monk arose from a trance of three hundred and twenty years, and at the same moment raised himself from his coffin, which, worn with the decay of ages, yielded to the energetic stroke of its occupant; it was, however, but for a few moments, the vital spark, though it had not fled, had been merely extinguished, and, as the lamp burns brightest in the socket, the final parting of the spirit had awakened the throes of death. Supended animation returned with a convulsive effort, and before the dying man could collect his thoughts or recover from his astonishment, his body sunk back to its narrow home, and his spirit issued from its corpse-like tenement, from which it had for

ages been fluttering to be free; but at passed not at once to Heaven, a few hours of punishment awaited it, some unexpiated sin must be atoned for, and it was condemned to wander for awhile among the tombs which enshrined the bodies of its former companions. Unconscious of having passed through the valley of death, it issued into the aisles of Westminster, thinking it was but yesterday he had fallen asleep, and yet few things appeared as they had done yesterday. Where had he slept? Not in his bed, not in the adjoining monastery, but on the damp earth, in a dark corner of the Abbey, for he beheld a broken coffin, and from thence he had arisen. He emerged into the light, all was changed, the Abbey seemed tenantless, the rays of the sun shone as usual on the same place he had always observed them to rest on at a certain hour, an hour at which he had been accustomed to say an early mass; but upon what did they shine? Upon figures and sculpture he had never seen before. He tried to remember what saints they should depict, or to whom so many new tombs had been erected. In vain did he try to account for their sudden appearance there; wherever he looked, fresh objects of novelty met his view, and much he was familiar with had disappeared; no sound of bell nor voice of monk met his ear. Were they all asleep?—All was silent, no doors were open, there was no clatter of the footfalls of the usual attending morning worshippers; they, no doubt, waited outside the Abbey, and he to whom the opening of the doors was entrusted had overslept himself. Intent upon the performance of his duty, he advanced towards the "Confessor's Chapel," there to robe himself as usual; fresh objects of astonishment met him at every step. He had allowed himself to think, he would have been bewildered, but, true to his duty, he resolved to restrain his curiosity till he had said the mass it was his turn to celebrate, and, still more true to his duty, he passed on to the performance of it, regardless of the wonderful changes which had taken place during the preceding night; but when he arrived at Edward's little chapel, there was nothing there but the tomb of the saint! Had sacrilege been committed whilst he had been asleep in a corner of the Abbey? How he reproached himself! He rushed from the chapel, went up and down the aisles wondering, encountering iron gates, which, to his astonishment, offered no opposition to his progress, for as a spirit he passed through them; he made his way towards the altar, that, too, was changed! The steps were there still, but where was the sanctuary?—where was the tabernacle?—where was the altar he had seen there but yesterday? He looked around, nothing was as it had been, all was new. He began to doubt his own identity; he began to fear he had gone mad; he thought some fever of the brain had fallen upon him, and that all he saw was only pictured on his own mind, and was the effect of delirium, or a

feverish dream. Some one entered to whom he tried to speak, but found he had lost the power of language, but what surprised him most was that the person did not take the least notice of him, or seem sensible of his presence. He then discovered for the first time he could not see himself, and was invisible. Then he fancied himself a spirit from the other world, but he had no recollection of having passed away from this.—He felt his present state was above his comprehension, he could not tell whether what he saw was reality or the effect of his own disordered intellect, but with that perfect acquiescence in the Divine Will which had been habitual to him under all circumstances, he calmly and quietly watched the proceedings of several other personages, who successively appeared in the enclosed part of the Abbey in which he found himself.—Several wore white flowing robes, and advanced to places which seemed allotted to them. Presently a service, which seemed intended to be a religious one, began, but there was no mass, no sacrifice, no priest, no altar! The tones of the organ were new to him, neither were the music nor the singers the same. The meaning of the whole puzzled him. It all ceased after a short time, and everybody disappeared.

Westminster! the form of thy religion has, indeed, passed away, but its spirit is about thee still; it hovers over every sacred but neglected shrine, it speaks from the desecrated altar, it mourns over the tombs of the ancient dead, speaking from the kneeling figures on the monuments, which in sculpture, though rude and broken, yet breathe the spirit of prayer; and stranger, whoever thou may'st be, who art now wandering through the aisles once venerated by thy fathers, dost thou wonder that at such a remote period they should have been able to raise such a monument of their skill? In proportion to their object, so was their work; their capacities, ennobled by ideas of the attributes of the Deity they would honor, conceived thoughts, which, however infinitely inferior to the object, gave existence to those noble structures which have served as models for succeeding ages, and which still stand unrivalled as specimens of architecture;—but the spirit which produced them has only passed away for awhile, it still exists; it has only slumbered, it is not dead; and as the pilgrim, who has just awaked from his long trance, and now, though unseen and unfelt, issues forth from a dark and forgotten nook of Westminster Abbey, so is the spirit reviving; it shines forth occasionally like lightning from the dark thunder cloud, startling the inhabitants of the world, when, in the voice of a Newman or a Sibthorpe, it tells of things which had been forgotten, which had been lost in the obscurity of men's minds;—as when sable night hides all objects from view, yet nevertheless they exist, and only await the morning dawn to make them visible. A voice has gone forth from Oxford, the cross is taking root in the land, its splendor

shines from afar, it moves steadily and majestically along, its refulgence gleams even now over thy forsaken altars, Westminster! The spirit of the true Church has arisen. *Truth* is *omnipotent*, and must conquer.—England will shine forth as a beacon of light, dispensing the blessings of religion over the immense empire which owns her sway, and shall be hailed by many nations as the instrument of their conversion to God.

CHAPTER II.

Some hours had passed away. The pilgrim soul issued forth from the great western door. "Go to the maze of Tuttle," Shakspeare said nearly three hundred years ago, and it probably was not new even in his time. Tothill-street still remains, but how different are the thoughts of the throng of to-day to those of their predecessors! Although, no doubt, then, as now, there were worshippers of Mammon to be found who bowed their knee to the golden shrine alone, still, to the many, it was the way to the house of God. Alas! how sad the contrast!—how few pass there now whose devotional feelings are excited, as the gradually enlarging view of the Abbey opens upon them as they advance! Some, indeed, there are, who lament that they cannot worship there as their forefathers did, and perhaps many an inward prayer is raised that those days may come again; but the *multitude* deride the superstition of the olden times, which could raise such a monument to God! The pilgrim soul passed on, but met no familiar face. He returned, and became sensible of more changes; the monastery was changed, and partly gone. The spell was broken now,—he knew he must have slept for years, perhaps for ages. Would that he had slept to wake no more, to find himself a wandering spirit amid the wreck of holy things! Alas! poor soul, *thou* mournest only over the *absence* of religion which once adorned the venerated sanctuary, and flourished in the honored precincts of thy well-loved Abbey. Didst thou but know (but this knowledge is spared thee, because thy cup of sorrow is already so nearly overflowing) the iniquity and the vice which rage in every form that the arch enemy of mankind has invented for the destruction of souls in the immediate vicinity of all that was once so holy and so good, thou wouldst be almost tempted to question the wisdom of the Eternal who had allowed such things to be,—but, as thy spirit became more ethereal and more disenthralled from the weight of humanity, thou wouldst perceive that the justice of God demanded punishment, that none could be greater than that which the wild and un-

governed passions of man inflict upon each other, and that none can be more effectual towards at length turning the hearts of the sufferers to seek for rest in their true and heavenly country, and that, as vice produces misery, and the iniquity of the fathers is visited upon the children, so will the children turn to God and implore His mercy, which is never asked for in vain. Thus it is now, iniquity has reached its height, and in no portion of the great metropolis, which has grown and increased (since thou, pour soul! became unconscious of thine own existence,) till it has become the leviathan of the world, does vice abound more than in the locality of which we speak.

"Whole streets, even those buildings which were formerly appropriated to pious and charitable purposes, under the very shadow of the Abbey, have been devoted to the most degrading purposes, and in these dens of iniquity cases of robbery, suicide, and even murder, frequently occur. It is hardly possible to calculate the multitudes who in succession become, after spreading the infection of vice and disease, the victims of premature decay and death. Of these wretched outcasts, many have been respectably connected, being the daughters of tradesmen, others having been servants in families, who, having been allured into these haunts of iniquity, have followed their headlong course to death. It is calculated that at least four thousand of such unhappy women have, in this neighborhood alone, during the last forty years, sunk into eternity!" This account is extracted from a letter which has recently appeared in the public prints. The first step towards the remedy of a great and public evil is, that it should be publicly known. These facts, the reminiscences connected with the scenes of these occurrences, the comparison of the present with the past, all tend to one great object —viz., the just appreciation of our holy religion, and an acknowledgment of its beneficial influence upon mankind.

To the wandering spirit of the monk these things were not revealed, but he paused and pondered on all he saw, it required no stretch of memory to convey him back to the events of more than three centuries before, the interval appeared to him a mere point of time, and the changes he witnessed only the natural consequences of events which were then taking place. He had awaked in the days which had been predicted would arrive, the mandates of Henry had gone forth, his successors had followed in his footsteps. Reason had lifted her presumptuous voice, and attempted to create a religion of her own. The form of the true Church had been banished from the land, and with it had disappeared all those beautiful graces which it is alone capable of producing. The people, hungry for spiritual consolation, had followed false teachers, who had led them only into error, "blind leaders of the blind." In spirit he traversed the land. The cry of starvation

arose, the cry of the destitute and forlorn, the cry of those having no resting place for their afflictions, no spiritual comfort. The bulk of the nation were crying for bread, the little relief bestowed upon them was wrenched from the wealthy by the hand of the law, the rich were set on amassing riches, and the poor rose against their oppressors. The spirit of the true religion had passed away, and with it the spirit of charity; but our poor pilgrim soul was now approaching the termination of its penance. A bright vision of futurity arose before him, when England, wearied with the elements of discord produced by unbelief, should come at last to seek for truth at the holy fount from which it sprung. Mass was once more celebrated in Westminster Abbey, and the spirit of our monk ascended into Heaven.

FOR THE EXPOSITOR.

JUNE.

Oh, this the month of fair delight,
Then let us gaily sing,
As all fair visions meet our sight,
Fulfilment of the Spring!
The birds through blooming groves rejoice,
Keeping a holiday;
Shall I not also raise my voice,
And be as glad as they?

For all of beauty meets my eye;
Which do I love the best—
The ocean, earth, the flowers or sky?
Ah, all of them are dressed
As if for conquest; all are dear
To this glad heart of mine!
I gaze with joy on all things here,
And feel for me they shine!

The month of roses and delight,
The month I feel my own—
For then my heart forgets its night;
It has a pleasant tone:
My thoughts are happy music, set
To a most thrilling tune;
I have not time for one regret,
In this "leafy month of June."

Oh, let me gather now the flowers,
Clustering around!
They 'll consecrate, in after hours,
The place where they were found!
I 'll weave some in a coronet,
And deck with them my hair;
And some with happy tears I 'll wet,
To keep them ever fair.

Oh, linger yet thou sweet June-rose;
Pass not so soon away!
For when thou diest, then also goes,
Much that makes me gay!
A gaiety, with prayer so blent:
Thou art a precious boon—
Thou fillest my heart with rare content—
I pray thee, stay sweet June.

Anna J.

THE LITURGY.

Prayer is the life of God's Holy Church: it is the weapon of her defence against all her enemies; the blessed incense which she incessantly offers to the eternal Throne, as a perpetual adoration, a constant thanksgiving, and a source of pardon and grace. Of all prayers, the most beautiful, and, doubtless, the most efficacious, is that simple, but exquisitely touching one, taught us by our blessed Saviour himself, and called the Lord's Prayer. And, after this, the Church attaches most importance to her liturgy; which, in the original acceptation of the word, means solemn and well-ordered prayer.

The intention of the Church, in the composition of her Liturgy, is manifest; a means better calculated to gain its end, cannot be suggested; and the faithful can no where find more inspiring language, to aid them in their devotions, than in the pages which are dedicated to this object.—It is the duty of us all to pray, and a duty more necessary than any other; but man, of himself, knows not how to pray, and he can receive this knowledge, only from the teaching of God, by the communication of the Holy Ghost: now, this Holy Spirit was visibly sent down upon the Church, on the day of Pentecost, and since then has continued to reside with her, and to inspire her.

Hence it is, that for eighteen hundred years, the Church has never ceased to pray, by day or by night; her voice is ever full of melody; her words never fail to touch the heart of her spouse. At one time, inspired from that same source which animated the divine psalmist and the prophets, she draws from their pages, the burden of her song; at another she intones the canticles of the new alliance; and then again, as if remembering that she too has received the trumpet and the harp, she suffers the spirit which quickens her, to break forth in *a new song*. From this triple source, emanates the divine spirit of her Liturgy.

The prayer of the Church cannot but be most agreeable, to the ear and to the heart of God, and therefore most powerful. Happy, then, is he who prays with the Church; who couples his particular vows, with those of the blessed Spouse of Christ, who can refuse her nothing, and who has taught us to say 'Our Father,' and not 'My Father!' It was in consequence of this spirit, that, for more than a thousand years, the

Church, who offers up her prayers in her temples, seven times a day, as well as at midnight, never prayed alone. Her people joined her, in her orisons, and partook with delight of that manna, which is to be found in the words and mysteries of her divine Liturgy. Blessed ages, those, of fervor and piety, already passed away; but the remembrance of which still inspires even our degenerate days. "It is scarcely sixty years," says a French writer, "since the soil of Christendom was still covered with churches and monasteries, which, day and night, echoed with the holy accents of the prayer of faith. So many hands raised to Heaven, must draw down its dews, dissipate its clouds, and ensure perpetual light. Those societies of holy women, which vied with each other in rendering their eternal praise to God, were so many mediators, as it were, between Heaven and earth.—Their vows and their prayers were for the good of all; all of the faithful took delight in uniting with them; whenever they entered the temple of God, at whatever hour of the day or of the night, they could always hear that indefatigable voice, which was unceasingly ascending to Heaven for the good of the whole world; when oppressed with worldly care, and desirous of devoting to God alone a portion of their time, here they found a happy retreat, where no turmoil or trouble could molest them, and where they could so fortify themselves against temptation, as to be able the more readily to overcome it, when again exposed."

We wish that this passage could be read by all; but particularly by some who think themselves good Christians, and have never understood the utility of monastic institutions, devoted exclusively to prayer and contemplation. Fortunately, the advancement of the present day renders it no longer necessary to undertake a defence of the great majority of Christian institutions; every body applauds the devotion of the members of our religious orders; but many insist upon the necessity of their being employed for the public welfare in some more active pursuit, and pass sentence of condemnation against such as yield themselves up entirely to retirement and the duties of an ascetic life. Certainly the spirit of Christianity must have undergone great alterations in the hearts of her professors, to produce opinions which could cause us to forget the most simple notions in regard to prayer, its necessity and efficacy, as well as in relation to a life of devotion and repentance; and to the excellence of the evangelical counsels. The Trappist is reproached with exhausting himself in long watchings, instead of seeking in repose for new energy to nerve him to his next day's labor; and yet we well know that if we interrupt his incessant communication with God, we loosen the only tie which binds him to his convent. We are asked the use of Carmelites and Carthusians; and we little sus-

pect the influence, which the meek child of the cloister may produce over the decrees of Heaven: we would seem to forget that, day and night, from every corner of the earth there arrises a cloud of crimes, abominations, sacrileges and blasphemies, and that there is every necessity for the existence of some privileged places, whence may ascend a current of supplications and tears to avert the well-deserved chastisement of God: and this current is ever flowing from the mountain-convent of the holy children of St. Bruno. The religious are they who indeed accomplish the word of their Master by *praying always, and never ceasing to pray.*— Whilst we are perhaps fighting valiantly in the midst of the combat, they remain with their hands lifted to Heaven; and we must remember that as long as Moses kept his hands thus raised, the Israelites were victorious; but they basely fled, when the army of the prophet fell from weariness.*

Now, that many of these asylums have disappeared from the face of Christendom, (thanks to the Reformation and Philosophism! which appear to have acted in concert in *abolishing all the festival days from the land,**) it becomes even more necessary to tighten the bands established by the Church to connect together the faithful by means of public prayer. It becomes necessary to initiate all in the perfect understanding of the Liturgy, whose beauties, to the great detriment of true piety and a truly Catholic spirit, are not sufficiently studied. What mode of prayer, more solemn than that which the Church establishes? or what petition more likely to be granted, than that which we present through her? Her formulas are universal; they are consecrated by ages, are full of unction and meaning, and are as far preferable to forms dictated by the piety of individuals, as public prayer is preferable to private, or the spirit of the Church, superior to that of her individual children; not that the Church would throw any obstacle in the way of private devotion, or add any arbitrary law to the generally received regulations in regard to prayer and contemplation: far from it; she would offer every nourishment to a soul hungering and thirsting for righteousness.

Whence did those holy Doctors of the primitive ages; those divine Patriarchs in their solitudes, whence did they receive that light, and that fervor, which they have left so vividly stamped upon the pages of their writings, and which shine through all their works, if it was not from the long hours which they spent in devotions of prayer?—during which

* In some places, as among the Benedictines of Mount Serrat, where was established the institution known under the name of *Laus perpetua*, the religious succeeded one another in the choir, in such a way that the singing of the divine canticles was never interrupted. The angels never cease to repeat the eternal canticle every moment of their everlasting life.

* Psalm lxiii. 8.

the sublime truths were presented to their souls, and filled them with light and love! What gifted the seraphic Bernard * with that miraculous unction, which flows like a stream of honey through all his writings?—what endowed the author of the *Imitation* with that sweetness, that hidden manna, which, even after so many ages, has not lost its savor?—what gave Louis de Blois that suavity and unspeakable tenderness, which move every heart, if it were not that habitual usage of the Liturgy, in which they spent their lives?

Let not the soul fear, then, to drink of those wonderful waters of the Liturgy, which, whether murmuring as the gentle rivulet, or dashing onward like the foaming torrent, are ever "springing up into everlasting life;" † for they are the waters which "we shall draw with joy out of the Saviour's fountains," ‡ and the Spirit of God has fertilized them with virtue, to make them sweet and grateful to the panting hart. || Let not the soul, which delights in contemplation, be deceived by the brilliancy and harmony of its canticles; but let her remember the spirit of the Psalmist himself, the organ of all true prayer, as recognized by God and the Church. Does he not have recourse to his harp, when he would enkindle the sacred flame in his heart, and when he says: "My heart is ready, O God, my heart is ready: I will sing, and I will give praise with my glory.

"Arise, my glory; arise, psaltry and harp. I will arise in the morning early.

"I will praise thee, O God, among the people, and I will sing unto thee among the nations.

"For thy mercy is great above the heavens: and thy truth even unto the clouds"?

What can be more delightful to the Christian, at whatever degree of perfection he be arrived—what more capable of gaining his attachment, than to follow, day by day, the steps of the Church in the mystic circle which she yearly runs? What can be better calculated to raise us above the miseries of this vale of tears than to walk in the train of our holy Mother, to be inspired with her thoughts and to repeat her words as by turns rejoicing, sad or in triumph, on her various feasts, she accomplishes her annual round! "Here," says the Rev. D. Gueranger, "here we see operated the manifestation of Jesus Christ in the Church and in the faithful soul; here we find the divine cycle in which all the works of God shine forth in their turn; the Passover and the Pentecost of the ancient people; the ineffable visit of the incarnate Word, its sacrifice, its victory; the descent of the Holy Ghost; the commemoration of the blessed Virgin-Mother of God, of the Angels and Saints: so that the Church may be said to have taken her de-

* Of whom even Martin Luther always speaks in very exalted terms, and says that he was the only monk worthy of respect, that he knew any thing of.

† John, iv. 14. ‡ Isaias, xii, 3.

|| Psalms, xli. 1.

parture under the law of the patriarchs, and progressing under the written law, to have had her consummation under the law of love, until being at last perfected, she will disappear in Eternity."

The Roman Liturgy is incontestably the most used in the Latin church; but this does not prevent her from drawing much that is serviceable and beautiful from other orthodox rites. The Ambrosian, the Gallican, the Mozarabian, the Greek and the Armenian Liturgies all add their riches to her treasure of prayers.

Every day has its particular office, made up of instruction and prayer. In Advent, for instance, each commences with lessons from the Prophet Isaias, which is admirably adapted to this holy season, and transporting us to the days anterior to the Messiah's coming, prepares us for the approaching solemnities. Then follows a hymn, chosen from some one of the various liturgies, in which the soul gives utterance to its feeling, and which is succeeded by the Prose. The conclusion is always a short, but excellent prayer, in which are expressed the various sentiments awakened by the preceding exercises, and also taken from the most ancient and venerable authority. This division is almost invariable, so that every day is sanctified, according to the precept of the Apostle, by the reading of the Scriptues, the singing of hymns and prayers. It is difficult to form a just idea of the richness of such a collection; beauty of language and purity of thoughtappear to have vied with one another, in producing their most perfect specimens; and we find it difficult to know which to admire the more, their religious or their literary merit.

In the liturgy of the Church we may not only find subjects capable of inspiring the warmest piety and devotion, but we will be enabled also to gather much information in regard to Christian literature.

While the whole world pauses with wonder to admire the edifices of the *middle* ages (why are they ever called *dark?*) and to examine the works of sculpture which adorn them; while it is admitted that the pencils of Giotts, Fra Angelico, and Perugin were guided by no barbarous or unskilled hands, it would be strange indeed if we could find no evidences of an advanced state of literature; stranger that, among such splendid productions of a Christian age, the only neglected one should be that, which stands foremost in importance, and which may be considered as the very soul of all the rest! If Catholic genius has left the most sublime impressions upon the walls which it has reared, upon the marble which it has chiseled, and upon the canvass which it has painted, how great must be the merit of those literary productions, which inspired the mind, and guided the hand of its artists! how admirable must be the perfection of those hymns for which such exquisite harmonies were created! of these prayers and of that liturgy for which were reared such splendid cathedrals!—And yet all these prayers and hymns, these

numerous legends, making up an immense mass of literature, are hardly known; and our ignorance of them has left a chasm in the history of literature, which, thanks to the labors of a Benedictine monk, may now be filled.

A work was published in Paris, in 1840, styled '*L'Avent Liturgigue*,' which, together, with another by the sameauthor, the Rev. Father Gueranger, Abbe of Solesmes, *Les Institutions Liturgigues* is intended to supply the deficiency heretofore exisling; the liturgies of the Eastern and Western Churches are, both, rich in matters of interest; they are as different from one another as are the genius and manners of their authors. The Eastern Church from the beginning, gives evidence of her great fecundity; her rich and varied liturgy is worthy of the illustrious men, of the great saints who will ever be to her a source of glory. But the lyre falls from her hands as soon as she breaks the unity of the faith.

The Western Church moves onward with more than a measured tread she appears to be aware of the long future, which exists for her, and, like the whole history of the Church, her literature has its periods of rest, as of advancement. It is easy to trace the striking relations which subsist between literature and the arts, particularly architecture; the advancement of the one inevitably follows that of the other; and reversely, decay in the former, is attended by a corresponding decay in the latter.

The christian poetry of the earliest ages shows marked embarrassment; its rhythm is hardly discernible; it betrays the infancy of the art by its tottering vace; but its rough exterior ever conveys the same purity of thought, which shines throughout. Later, the style becomes more pure, the cadence more regular, and the art has now obtained firmness and character, the result of experience. It continues to progress, as can be proved from the writings of the Venerable Bede, the celebated Hermann Contract, St. Peter Damien and others, during the very period to which have been imputed the grossest ignorance and barbarism. The 12th and 15th centuries follow, the most glorious portion of the middle ages, and sacred poetry appears then to have attained perfection; then were composed the beautiful sequences of Adam de St. Victor, the *Dies iræ*, and the *Stabat mater*, the authors of which are uncertain; the office of the Blessed Sacrament and the *Lauda Sion*, which would almost seem to have been dictated by the angels themselves. Arrived at this stage, taste commences again to decline; the richness of conception remains; but the exquisite beauty of form and expression have vanished. At the commencement of the 16th century, we find in the Missal of Cluny, published in 1523, compositions so loaded with ornaments and figures, that they at once remind us of the elaborate carvings which adorn the churches of that period. A style which savors of paganism is introduced and its deplorable existence last until after the time of Santeuil and Coffin,

who persuaded themselves, doubtless conscientiously, that the God of the Christians could not be properly praised except in the strain which had been consecrated to the worship of Jupiter and Bacchus, or any of the other inhabitants of Olympus.

To judge of these productions fairly, our ideas must take a wide range. Unfortunataly, college traditions are apt to make us regard ecclesiastical literature as a degenerate descendant of the pagan, which is looked upon as a model of perfection, a hymn is judged of, by comparison with an ode of Horace; rhyme is eschewed, beeause, forsooth, Virgil did not rhyme. We might as well attempt to judge of the Cathedral of Amiens, according to the rules of Vitruvius. One thing must be admitted, that between Christianity and Paganism there is a vast gulph:—infinity seperates them. To mentiou only one point of difference, the former has always for its object to cover its own weakness, to conceal the fallacy and even sometimes the hideousness of its ideas. But Christianity sacrifices everything to purity of thought; its expression is a mere dress, as it were which may frequently adorn; but ought never to hide it. From this single difference, we may readily perceive that it would be, by no means, reasonable to adopt a common standard, for judging of the merits of their respective productions. Christianity has now taken deep root in the world; it has and still holds a place sufficiently distinguished, to be allowed the privilege of having its own language, its own poetry, and its own style; and after 16 or 18 centuries, to wish to change this language so as to render it conformable with the models of the age of Augustus; to condemn its expressions, as barbarisms, because they are not found in Cicero, to insist upon scanning its verses only according to Greek or Roman metres, is an act of Vandalism quite as condemnable and inexplicable as to round out a pointed arch, or to plaster over an antiqe mosaic.

When this is once admitted; when we shall have rendered ourselves familiar with our holy offices and become impressed with their spirit: and when this catholic spirit shall have been formed by faith and charity, then, and then only can we appreciate the literature of the liturgy; then may we undertake the work of criticism, classify the various fragments, according to their merits and mark out their defects; for we are far from declaring that all are perfect or complete. A. M.

FOR THE EXPOSITOR.

ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.

BY T. E. GIRAUD.

In perusing the history of past ages, we are forced to observe how, as civilization progressed, the cultivation of arts assume generally more and more importance, and that in fact they soon formed nearly the only criterion by which the civilization of those nations could be appreciated. Till now, in our country, public attention has been directed chiefly towards those branches tending to increase the wealth and prosperity of the country: but, in our onward course, can we expect that we alone will form an exception to that rule which has ever swayed other lands? Already is a national taste beginning to develope itself in our country, and an effort should be made to direct that taste in the proper channel; for should we leave the young sapling without proper guidance, its growth will be wild. Among the five sisters one, the eldest of them, takes the lead. She originated in the wants of nations, and soon called into her aid her younger sisters who prided themselves in adorning her. Architecture has transmitted to modern times valuable information not only on the customs and habits of nations, but also on their history. She did even more: she has left us the temple, the obelisk and pyramid, the pagoda, the mosque to tell us of their respective religious creeds: she therefore had to assume various forms and features to express them. But did she ever take those features which suited her to the erection of Christian Churches? has that period ever been when she became closely linked with *our* faith, when she became Catholic?

We are told that there *has been* such a period, and its productions, which we can contemplate, are far from disproving the assertion. Let us then try to discover whether the style of the Catholic ages is the one which architecture had adapted to the erection of Catholic temples.

"An old parish church, as origi-
"nally used for Divine worship, was
"one of the most beautiful and appro-
"priate buildings that the mind of
"man could conceive."

This assertion of Mr. Pugin's is one that a slight effort should suffice

to establish, and that contains in itself the question now at issue between the revived Christian and classic schools.

What is our object when we erect a building for the performance of the holy mysteries? We wish to testify our respect to God, to procure, by our efforts the blessings that such an enterprise dictated by the proper spirit will necessary entail; at the same time we are transmitting to posterity a building productive of similar blessings. This should therefore be one likely to last for many generations and calculated to resist the weather. Without attempting a contrast between the productions of the two schools, which if true, must be severe; I will merely try to prove that the pointed style offers immense advantages on the score of solidity, consistency, and especially of beauty and propriety.

And though I do not intend to contrast their productions, yet I cannot before entering on my subject refrain from exposing the difference which exists between the principles of the Christian and Grecian styles.

The former depends not on its ornaments, and, in fact, has no established *Constituent* ornaments but is entirely defined by its spirit. The latter, on the contrary is enslaved to a certain set of mouldings &c., without which it is incomplete. I will illustrate my meaning by an example: I will suppose for a moment, that I am engaged in the erection of a large aisled church, in the pointed style. My means do not allow me to expend much on the internal decorations of the nave, but I have reason to expect that the revenue of the church will allow this point to be attended to in later years; in this case, I shall consider one portion only: instead of giving to the capitals of my columns, shafts or pillars, the high finish which the style admits of (not demands,) I will simply rough them out into some shape that will allow stuff, for the carver to work on hereafter. Can any one in this case say that because these capitals are not wreathed with ivy, holly or oak, the colonnade is not in accordance with the principles of the christian school? no antiquary can, no one who has the slightest archeological knowledge, can. Still the style is preserved and (one essential point in our country) the debt of the church is not increased.

Shall we now examine how this system of working would agree with one of the so-called classic styles? I will suppose then the building to be Corinthian. Shall I here simply block out the creanthus' leaves of the capitals and leave them to be carved at a later period? Should I do it, no architect would consider the order a complete one, as long as this essential of the style is not perfectly finished. I shall therefore be obliged either to sacrifice solidity for the purpose of managing my means, or to run the building into debt long before it is able to pay even the interest of the amount already expended. Which now of the two, candid reader is better suited to our wants, the Christian or Pagan styles? It is

true that with the first plan, the building may remain for years, nay centuries, without attaining that high degree of richness, far superior to that allowed by the classic schools, of which it is susceptible, but which it needs not. But do we intend buildings erected for the use of rites that will be performed till the end of times in the same identicaal manner, do we intend them, I ask, to stand for the short lifetime of a man?

The simplicity of the means of construction, and the perfect neglect of those devices used generally to conceal them, will at once explain, how our means, though limited, can procure that solidity which is so well proved by the models from which we derive our inspirations. I will not enter into a professional discussion of the different portions of a building erected on the consistent principles of the old *master-masons*; such a one would prove uninteresting and tedious to those who are unacquainted with the details of the art. The professional reader will, without explanation, understand the use and not ungraceful appearance of the buttress with its leafs and water tables, the great additional strength it imparts to the wall,* and how admirably the pinnacle which sometimes surmounts it prepares it to resist lateral thrusts, which would require, if thisweight were dispensed with, proportions in the buttress, that would render it unwieldly looking. He will also appreciate how much is gained in strength by the suppression in that portion of the semicircular arch which causes the greatest lateral pressure: that which is nearest to the horizontal tangent. The division of a large span into smaller portions, the extreme acuteness of the roof which diminishes the strain of the timbers, the suppression of horizontal surfaces, the nosings of watertables and weatherings, the hood moulds and many others are means placed at our disposal for resisting the action of the weather and the changes of temperature; and therefore, ensure at a small cost comparatively, solidity to the building.

Yet, all these forms, though now ridiculed by some, are such only as would have suggested themselves to those masters of Greece and Rome, whom the moderns would copy, without however imitating, had they been in climates like ours.

And here by the way I may remark that in the middle ages the practical science of architecture was certainly at a higher degree of perfection than in our days of boasted theory. Can we say that those men who dared to plan and execute the eastern window of York minster, or the circular window in the west front of the church of St. Owen in Rome, can we say that they are ignorant of the principles of science? Still these pieces and many other precious specimens of stone cutting, similar to them, stand yet to bid defiance to modern art. Their boldness

* A wall three feet thick with buttresses projecting three feet, is demonsrtated by statics to be stronger than one six feet thick, throughout.

alike and their elegance exist yet unequalled and unrivalled by the practice of modern times, however much we may boast of our high theory.

The charge of inconsistency is scarcely one that can be brought home to us, and will therefore be rather summarily dismissed. One single fact will at once destroy it. The pointed style originated in the wants of Christians who held exactly the same faith, and performed the same ceremonies with us, who therefore adapted *their* buildings to these ceremonies performed within them, which adaption was facilitated by the absence of perfect symetry, and adorned them with emblematical devices and ornaments, all of which were expressive of their belief; in a word the pointed style is a foster child of Catholicity, and therefore undeniably better suited to the erection of Christian Churches, than those styles which are the offspring of Polytheism.

But independently of these reasons the style bears the impress of Catholicism so plainly stamped on its features and proportions, that the first glance seems to proclaim it destined to divine worship.

None but he who has felt and seen can know the sublime grandeur, the soul-stirring magnificence and awe inspiring beauty of a Christian temple. To such a one the language of man could give but a tame description of those glories. Chateaubriand, though treating the age which produced these noble piles as times rather barbarous, and whose tastes naturally drew him towards the classics, was not proof against the impressions of such a pile. In the "Genie du Christianisme," he says: "no one "could enter a Gothic Church without feeling a sort of tremor, and a "vague sense of the presence of the "Divinity." I have said it, language is weak to describe the beauties of the style. The productions of some of our American artists, the German Church of Baltimore, and that of Pittsburg, though if I may be allowed to use the expression, legitimate children of the style, can convey but a faint idea to the mind the glories of those gorgeous Cathedral monuments of the piety and zeal of our transatlantic forefathers in the faith. But some persons may urge that the admiration and awe inspired by the style, might have been caused by the richness of the decorations. Experience has taught me the contrary, for I have felt the same emotions thrilling at my heart under the low browed arches of the Church of Vulaisnes,* as under the mighty vaults of the lofty minster of Paris itself.

The heavy massive base, so well in keeping with the stability of the faith, the long surface of the lateral walls broken by the buttresses and crowned with parapet and pinnacle, first draw our attention, while yet at a distance. Stay, let us examine the exterior; here rise the lofty spire; pointing to our future home. As it rises, see its parts multiplying its richness increasing. Start a rapid glance from the ground along the profile; not once

* A smal lvillage, near Fontainbleau.

does the painful delay of a horizontal line check its eager ascent in the heavenward course. It seems anxious to establish a channel of communication between earth and heaven. It serves as a beacon to remind man of his duty to his God and to guide him to his feet. As the solemn sounding bells peal forth from its height in gladness or sorrow the christian's soul throbs its sympathy, and the lone way-farer as the distant sounds reach his ear, bares his head and murmers a prayer. All ascends, all aspires to the kingdom of bliss, the very crochets seem about to leap from their stony beds, as though envious of the future happy home of man. The grave trifoil tells of a triune God to whom this dwelling is consecrated and in its simplemanner proclaims it Christian. Many an hour the patient artist has expended on the decoration of that roof whose richness is lost to the eye of the observer. But, I pray you, remember, this building is offered to God not to man.

Shall we enter now? With what holy thoughts does that host of saints and angels who guard the doorway, inspire the one who crosses that threshold; and the stoup at your side reminds you of the purity of thought and purpose the presence you enter into requires. That font over which, a helpless infant, you were made a child of God; how well its richness corresponds with the graces it confers; it stands near the entrance of that Church of which it made you a member.

What a beautiful harmony heresubsists between the mysteries of our holy faith and the torrents of many colored lights which pour through the stained glass windows leaving the eye in doubt as to whence the mysterious shade proceeds. See the slender shaft with its ivy cap, the bold vault with its lace work, or the open canopy with its carved beams, the sculptured niche, the rich tracery of the still richer windows! a mighty faith inspired that artist who made the stone itself speak the delights and riches of the Christian soul? Can modern art rival the long vista of the aisle; the clustered columns, the bold thoughts that bade three taper shafts support that massive vault? Lift your eyes to the sanctuary. There, over the grand chancel arch, pictured in all the powerful simplicity of the Christian painter; behold the doom of the world! The Almighty Judge smiles mildly on you the beloved of his father; but to the troubled soul the mute painting thunders forth; Depart accursed into everlasting fire! Consolation, however, awaits the drooping eye. Above the parted screen the man-God, the King of love, with extended arms, bids you fly to him while it is yet time; and besides, does not our most powerful protectress stand at his side? and she has but then received the beloved of her son under her care. Beyond this no profane foot is allowed to step. The rich carving, the elaborate painting and embroidery dimly seen through the gorgeous screen bespeak here the immediate residence of him whose greatest delight is to dwell

with the sons of men. The tabernacle, with its solitary lamp, becomes the centre of this splendor, which cannot be known by him who never visited the pile, and experienced its feelings.

Pardon me, kind reader, should I impose for a few more instants, on your patience; but I cannot dismiss a subject which, in my eyes, is so intimately linked with our faith, without offering a few reflections as an apology for the style. Why should our buildings not bear a stamp of Catholicism that would distinguish them from the surrounding meeting-houses? To Protestants such forms can only tell of rapine, plunder and massacres; to us they recall days of pure and bright faith, days of happy triumph or of dire persecution. Let not therefore, our buildings disgrace that faith which is our greatest pride.

I have said that the style is closely connected with our religious creed. In the work already mentioned, Chateaubriand thus expresses himself:

"Each thing in its place . . . . . "The Greeks would not have relished "ed more, an Egyptian temple in "Athens, than the Egyptians a Greek "temple in Memphis. Change the "places of these two monuments and "you destroy their principal beauty, "that is, their connexion with the "institutions and habits of the people. "This reflexion, with us, may be ap"plied to the ancient monuments of "Christianity . . . . . In vain would "you build Grecian temples with "elegant proportions, and abundance "of light, to assemble therein the "good people of St. Louis and make "them adore a metaphysical God, "they will always regret those Notre "Dame of Rheims and Paris, those "venerable basilieœ, all covered with "moss and filled with the generations "that have passed and the souls of "their fathers."

The pointed style is one which encourages arts in general more than any other. The contrary imputation has been made against it, why? Because its advocates wished to confine modern mechanical inventions to their proper limits and prevent their trespassing on the domains of art. But so far from the accusation being founded on fact, we on the contrary, as our predecessors in art, gladly avail ourselves of modern inventions and mechanical improvements in their proper places. They afford us means of economising the funds, so as to leave a larger portion for decoration, and we cannot reject them without inconsistency. "We do not want to arrest "the course of inventions," observes "Pugin, "but to confine these inven"tions to their legitimate uses and to "prevent their substitution for nobler "arts." And again: "It is only "when mechanical invention intrudes "on the confines of art and tends to "subvert the principles which it "should advance, that it becomes ob"jectionable." A pointed building calls forth all the display of the painter's and sculptor's skill; more of it can be enriched with fresco and carving, less also needs it than in Pagan art: "Another great mistake of "modern times is the supposition that

"Christian architecture will not "afford sufficient scope for the art of "sculpture. So far from this, while "a Greek temple admits only of such "decorations in the pediment and "round the frieze, every portion of a "Christian Church may and should "be (if possible) covered with sculp- "ture of the most varied kind, vege- "table, animal, and the human figure, "in wonderful diversity of position "and aspect; sometimes single in "niches, sometimes in groups of high "relief and in subjects of the most "majestic character."

The principles which dictated the productions of the Greek and Roman architects, are exactly those we would wish to apply to our buildings and which are daily violated by the classic schools; I mean the adaptation of the edifice to the climate, its purpose and the wants of the people. We are far from condemning the really Greek and Roman orders as unsightly. No! we understand and appreciate their beautiful proportions. Mr. Pugin calls them, "the perfect "expressions of imperfect systems," the summit of human skill expended on human inventions. But we object to these styles for the erection of Christian temples, because they originated in the worship of demons, and the classic artists, working on those very principles we advocate, try to convey by their ornaments some emblematical meaning. The ornament excluded, the style is incomplete; yet its sense is heathenish, and it is an innovation on these orders to introduce any others. Why do those who boastingly call themselves disciples of Callimachus and Vitruvius, why do they not follow the example of their illustrious masters and discard the plastered column and wooden cornice? antiquity disowns the imitations of these copyists!

Let us be more consistent, and apply to our religious edifices that style which carries with it so many impressions of faith, and will at once stamp our buildings Catholic. Let us erect such piles as will not by their very name, tell of the errors of Polytheism; but will recall to our minds that such vaults, such canopies 700 years ago heard the cry of our ancestors in the faith, "God wills it."

ANTIQUITY OF THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE

BY THE VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

Some are of opinion that St. Paul himself was baptised by aspersion, because we read in the Acts of the Apostles (chap. 9.) that Annanias, laying his hands upon him, said,—"Paul, brother, the Lord Jesus hath "sent me, and immediately there fell "from his eyes, as it were, scales, "and he received his sight, and, rising up, he was baptised." This appears to be without interruption, and that the baptism took place immediately in the very room; but, I must remark, that the contrary is also very probable, because there was no occasion to rise up from the bed to be baptised by aspersion. St. Paul was then entirely cured, and his sickness was blindness, and nothing could be apprehended from the immersion; therefore, St. Paul could be so baptised in the very house, and not in the very room. The text presents the two principal facts, viz:—the cure and the baptism without any interruption, because there was no occasion to take notice of any other insignificant facts that might happen between them. However, it is not *evident* in what manner that baptism was administered.

The learned Casaubon, whom Bossuet himself calls *the most profound Greek scholar of his age*, supporting the Protestant doctrine, confessed that the Greek word signifies immersion. Hence, Bossuet very properly concludes, that we cannot prove the validity of baptism by aspersion, but from tradition, and the authority of the Church. The Minister De la Roque, in his answer to Bossuet, quoted some texts to prove, I may say against Casaubon, that the word baptism is not always taken for immersion, as in the 22d chap. 7 v. of Judith, where we read that she *baptized herself*, meaning that she washed herself, which, generally is not done by immersion. Bossuet replied that Judith could wash herself, entering into her bath, as it was customary among the Jews, and, therefore does not prove that the word *baptize* is not taken for *immerge*. But could not Judith wash herself without immersion, and in this case, could not the word baptize have been used in the Scriptures, to signify, simply, the washing of the body, as De la Roque said? Both suppositions are very probable, but neither of them is *evident*. Hence I conclude, that Bossuet has not proved that, in the Scriptures, the word baptize always signifies to *immerge*; nor has De la

Roque proved that said word does not always have that meaning.—More or less probability may be attributed to either opinion, but none of them claims evidence.

I now call the attention upon the consequences which naturally follow. As long as the meaning of the Scriptures is not *evident*, all those who do not admit as *dogma* but what is evident in the Scriptures, cannot decide on this matter. Consequently, the necessity of immersion is not evidently proved by the Baptists, nor the sufficiency of aspersion by the rest of Protestants. Hence, they hold tenets without competent proof!—And on what subject? On the most essential, nay, to decide whether we are Christians or not. The majority of Protestants, according to their own principles, cannot prove that they are Christians! As to the Catholics, we hold the same doctrine with the generality of Protestants, who believe that immersion is not essential; but our doctrine is grounded on the authority of the Church, that always explained the scriptures in this manner. Our doctrine is an evident consequence from our principles; while the Protestant doctrine is an evident and destructive blow to their principles.

Baronius and Spondanus, following the ancient Roman Martyrologium and several ancient authors, state that St. Proces and St. Martinianus were baptized, together with fourteen soldiers, by St. Peter, who was in prison, custodied by them; and that the water came out of a stone by miracle. Such baptism, certainly, could not be administered by immersion.—I do not pretend to support the fact—quite the contrary. I am inclined to Tillemont's opinion (tom. 1, p. 555 and 559,) who thinks very little of that history, though admitted by several learned men, among whom I wonder to find Berti (De Theol. Discip. tom. 6.) But whatever may be the opinion as to the certainty of the fact that history is a proof of the doctrine of the Church as to the validity of baptism without immersion, because none of the authors who opposed it ever took any advantage of the way of the administration, which would have been their first and principal argument, had it been the doctrine of the Church that baptism is not valid without immersion.

In the acts of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, in the third century, we find that he baptized a man by the name of *Romanus*, with a pitcher of water, and therefore did not baptize him by immersion. Were it not my object to confine my proofs to the histories of the first four centuries, I would notice similar baptisms in the acts of St. Gartilianus, and in those of St. Bachius and St. Lugerius, Bishops.

The Pope Silverius, at the middle of the third century, baptized, on the day of Pentecost, 4012 persons, as it is recorded in the acts of St. Damasus, referred to by Paul Aringhus, (Rom. subt. tom. 1, p. 223,) and also by Berti, who properly observes that so many persons could not be

baptized in one day by Silverius, unless by aspersion. Silverius baptized in the church, and without any assistance, but all were baptized by himself. Even if we suppose that he was assisted, the immersion could not be done but by one at a time in the baptismal font.

We have already observed that the primitive Church held, as valid, the baptism of the *Clinics*—that is of those who were baptized while sick on their bed; and this, indeed, is our principal proof, as to the baptism without immersion, as we then observed, and I shall now explain more extensively. It is true that in the third century, *Magnus*, doubting of the validity of such baptism, consulted St. Cyprian on the subject, who was so modest, that it appears that he allowed others to think in a different manner, though he held that baptism valid, and proved it, with a great many arguments. But if, on account of the doubts of some individuals, we should doubt of the doctrine of the Church, very few dogmas, or, I rather say, not one should be considered such. Remark, that Magnus himself did not object to that baptism by aspersion as to a new practice, but as to a practice which, though ancient, did not appear to him very correct. St. Cyprian answered, not as doubting, but as wishing not to appear the teacher of others, reserving this to the Church, as he anticipated that a council would be held.

The Clinics were not admitted to ordination, and, on this score, Pope Cornelius objected to the ordination of Novasian, not because the Church ever doubted of their baptism, but because, as the Council of Neocesarea said, in the year 314, they were perhaps, induced to embrace the faith without true dispositions. The following are the words of the 12th canon:—"If any one has been baptized while he was sick, let him not "be promoted to the priesthood, because his faith was not in consequence of his desiring, but through "necessity. Unless this be done "perhaps on account of his subsequent study, his faith, and the want "of persons." The last words, *unless*, *&c.*, evidently prove that their baptism was considered valid by the very canon in which their ordination is forbidden. The Council of Laodicia, also in the fourth century, (*anno incerto*) under Pope Demasus, ordered the Clinics to be instructed; but, it does not say that they should be baptized over again, which certainly would be the case had that Council considered their baptism not valid. No wonder that the Councils took all these precautions as to the Clinics, for we learn from history the sinful causes by which many of them delayed their baptism. Some did so not to lose the grace, but to die immediately, and to be saved; some others, to be baptized at the age of 33 years, which they supposed to be that of our Lord; some others did still worse, for they delayed the baptism in order to enjoy the sinful pleasures, which they would not be allowed to enjoy after their baptism. Therefore, the Church

doubted of their dispositions. (See Caparros Discip. Eccl. tom. 2. p. 14.) Were it proper to draw arguments against the validity of baptism from the prohibition of ordaining those who received it, we should say that according to the present discipline of the Catholic Church, the baptism of heretics is not valid; because such persons are excluded from sacred orders, the heresy being one of the canonical irregularities. And who will pretend to say, that we consider not valid the baptism of heretics?

The primitive Church baptized the catechumens that were in prison and near to suffer martyrdom, (see Caparros, ibid. p. 22,) and this was done as secret as possible, and taken advantage of by some favorable circumstances. Who will believe that such baptism was administered by immersion? And who ever doubted of its validity?

There is no doubt that the book entitled *Ecclesiastical Dogmas*, attributed to St. Augustin, was written by some of the heretics at the beginning of the fifth century, and it is very probable that its author was Gennandius. (See the Preface by the Benedictines, tom. 17, Oper. St. Aug. p. 2415. See also Devoti Inst. Can. tom. 2, p. 37.) The said work was undoubtedly written according to the doctrine of the preceding centuries, in whatever did not concern the heresy of Pelagius, which the author tries to disguise; and therefore, he attributed the book to its principal enemy; namely, St. Augustin. Speaking of baptism, he says, that the catechumen are either *sprinkled with or immerged in water*. Had it been the doctrine of the Church at that time, that baptism is not valid without immersion, the heretics would not have written so in a work which they intended to attribute to St. Augustin, and the Catholics would have objected to the work on that score, which they never did.—Consequently the said work, in the fourth century, did not express any new doctrine by saying, that baptism is valid without immersion.

Baptism was administered only on the eve of Easter and Pentecost, though in the fourth century the Greek Church began to administer it on the eve of Epiphany, as St. Gregory of Nice testifies in his *Oration to those who are to be baptized*. The Church of France began afterwards to baptize on Christmas, on which day King Clodoveo received baptism. (See Grig. Tour. de gloria Conf. c. 76.) In the Church of Spain and other places, the custom was introduced to baptize, also, on the days of the Apostles and Martyrs, but the Popes Syricius and Leo I. reproved such relaxation of the ancient discipline. However, in case of necessity, baptism was administered at any time. (See Caparros Discip. Ecc. tom. 2, p. 14.)

The *ordinary* minister of baptism was the Bishop, as we find in Ignatius Martyr (Ep. and Smyrnos.)—Tertullian (de Bap. cap. 17,) and St. Jerome [Dialog. adver. Luciferanos.] The Priests did not commence to baptize as ordinary ministers till the

beginning of the seventh century, when the Bishops used to baptize three or four days in the year, leaving the rest to the Priests, to whom it was entirely left in the tenth century, except in the Church of Milan, where the Bishops baptized on the eve of Easter and Pentecost, keeping so far the ancient custom.—[See Caparros ib.] The reason was not that the Church ever held that the Priests are not ordinary ministers of baptism, but only in order to give more solemnity to the great sacrament of regeneration, and to impress upon the mind of the catechumen the idea of its dignity. But when the number of those who received baptism was very much increased, the Bishops thought prudent, for the benefit of the Church, to leave the administration of this sacrament to the Priests.

Some are of opinion that in the Greek Church the laymen were not allowed to baptize, even in case of necessity. Tillemont inclined to this opinion, (tom. 2, p. 237,) and Cavallari openly supports it. [Istit. Iuris Canon. tom. 7.] But I really do not find their reasons by any means sufficient to prove the assertion. The principal proof is taken from the account that St. Gregory of Naziance gives of his anxiety while in a vessel near to shipwreck, as he was still a catechumen, and consequently, in danger of dying without baptism. All in the vessel, where it is said that Christ was invoked, felt for him; and therefore, it appears that there were there many Christians, and none of them dared to baptize St. Gregory. But I beg the reader to reflect, that the invocation of Christ is not precisely a sign of Christianity; because we know from the Scripture, and from profane ancient history, that it was customary to invoke any deity, whether believed or not by him who invoked it. So we find the heathens often praying the Jews to invoke their God; and we have it very plain in Daniel, whom the King prayed to invoke his God, and even hoped that he would preserve Daniel from the Lions.—Therefore, if St. Gregory invoked Christ, the rest might have followed him; much more as they saw that they were not saved by any of their own gods. But this invocation might be that of an unknown Deity; and I do not see any evident proof that the invokers were Christians. But suppose they were, even in this case the argument is groundless. They might be very ignorant and know very little of baptism, as St. Gregory himself, who at that time did not know that he would certainly be saved by the desire of baptism, without the real reception of it; and this doctrine was well known and admitted in the primitive church, that never exposed any believer to lose eternal life, and would not have kept the catechumen two years in preparations for baptism, had it been the doctrine that sudden death would have deprived them of heaven. We know besides, that the discipline of the *secret* was strictly kept at that time, and one of its objects was the form of the sacraments,

and therefore, those ignorant Christians might not have been acquainted with it. Many and very unaccountable might have been the reasons why St. Gregory was not baptized; and as the learned Chardon says in his *Bistoire des Sacrament* [tom. 1, p. 456]: "When we judge of the believing of the community, we ought not to be guided by a few individuals without any authority, but by public instruments and the general believing of the whole society." Should we judge in a different manner, I could prove, that in this very city of New York, that the Catholics do not believe baptism by laymen to be valid? for it happened to me to baptize a child about expiring, where there were a great many Catholics present, and the mother almost despaired for fear her child would die without baptism; and, notwithstanding, none of them baptized the child, but were all waiting for me in the greatest anxiety. Hence, I know by experience, that Covalari's argument proves nothing.

Another asservation will convince us still more of the debility of that argument. St. *Satirus*, brother to St. Ambrose, was also in danger of death by shipwreck before he was baptized; and he had some Christians to give him the Eucharist; not to receive it as a Sacrament, but to keep it as a protection, and none of them baptized him. (See Tillemont, ib.) Who has read the works of his brother St. Ambrose, and will say that the Latin Church did not approve the baptism given by laymen? The same Tillemont, reflecting upon this passage, finds some reason to account for their conduct, saying that they were afraid to make mistakes in a matter so solemn and important; and I add, that this reflection is still more powerful, if they knew, as they did, that St. Satirus would be saved by the baptism of desire. Their conduct was wrong; but we can account for it without admitting against Tertullian and all the Fathers, that the Latin Church did not admit the baptism given by laymen.

Tillemont brings another argument which appears more forcible. St. Cyprian and St. Firminianus said, that the baptism given by heretics should be considered as the baptism given by laymen. Now, the baptism by heretics they declared null; hence they also declared null, the baptism by laymen. But we must consider the Latin church always held as valid the baptism by laymen; and St. Cyprian never said any thing against it; on the other side, St. Stephen did not find any fault with St. Cyprian as to the baptism given by laymen. Hence, it is evident that St. Cyprian never held as null the baptism by laymen. Now, as to the argument, I would say, that Cyprian pretended that both baptisms, should be treated in the same way; that is, that both should be administered over again, but for very different reasons; that of heretics, because he considered it null, that of laymen, because it was doubtful. I also would say, that Cyprian's argument may be considered thus: if the baptism given by the faithful is repeated, how much

more the baptism given by heretics?

The case of St. Athanasius has been a source of doubt as to the validity of baptism by laymen. It is said that, being a boy, he baptized some others of the same age, intending to do the same that he saw the Bishops doing and with the same intention. However, this baptism was declared null and repeated over again by Alexander. This fact, though recorded by Rufinus (lib. I. c. 14); Sozomen (lib. 2. c. 19), and believed by Gilicas (Annal, part 3. f. 244), and several others is nothing but a tale. Even the very inventor does not say, as the learned Chardon observes (Hist. Des Sacram. ib.), that the children were baptized over again by Alexander, but that they were annointed, which signifies either that they were confirmed, or that Alexander had performed the ceremony of annointing, which had not taken place in that baptism. But suppose the fact to be true, will it prove that Alexander did not hold as valid the baptism by laymen? It would rather appear that he was prudent enough to secure the baptism which a boy might not have administered properly. Not only children as Athanasius was at that time, but also grown people committed many errors in the administration of baptism. Niceforus tells (Hist. Ecc. lib 3. c. 37), that in the second century under Mark Aurelius, a Jew was in danger of death while travelling with some friends, who having no water to baptize him, made use of sand, and the Jew immediately got well, as if God had approved the baptism. It is evident, that sand cannot be a proper matter, and therefore it was the most complete ignorance to make use of it, though the Lord in his mercy looked upon the good heart of those fervent creatures. The same historian tells that St. Dennis with his clergy took the case into consideration, and declared that baptism null, notwithstanding the miracle. No wonder he was so cautious as to baptism administered by laymen, and always repeated it as we do now conditionally, unless we are satisfied as to the manner in which it has been performed.

It is true that in the primitive Church baptism was repeated without any express condition, but it was always understood. We know that the *conditional form* we make use of in such cases, viz. *if thou art not baptized, I baptize thee, &c.* was unheard of until the eighth century, and we find the first instance of it, in the *capitulars* of Charles the Great (tom. I. p. 194). As to the sacrament of Pennance, it is the common opinion that the first instance of it, was, when Pope Clement VIII. (who was elected in 1592 seeing a mason falling down from the building of St. Peter's Church, absolved him, saying, *if thou art fit, I absolve thee, &c.* (Vide Inst. Lug. tom. 3. p. 298). However, we must not think that no baptism was administered *conditionally* before the practice of the conditional form was introduced; otherwise we either would say baptism was repeated, or that a doubtful baptism was not cor-

rect. The Council of Elvira, in 305, expressly established that laymen should baptize in case of necessity, and from that time till the eighth century, there is no doubt but that baptism was often administered by ignorant people, so as to render it doubtful. Therefore, if the Church did not renew the baptism in such cases, a great many souls were left without a chance of salvation, which is inconsistent with the sanctity of the Church; and if baptism was repeated without any condition, then it is probable that in many instances baptism was *really* repeated, which no Catholic will admit. Hence it is evident that the Church did renew baptism, whenever it was doubtful, and this she did in a conditional manner, though she did not make use of a conditional form, because the circumstances themselves express a condition just as well as the words would express it, and consequently no fault was committed, and no scandal took place.

It might be said that the permission granted by the Council of Elvira supposes that it was not allowed, before that time, laymen to baptize even in case of necessity; but few reflections will be sufficient to destroy this suspicion. That Council was held either immediately after or near or at the time of a great persecution, and therefore its canons contain the most rigorous and severe discipline in order to avoid the defection from faith, and to try those who would wish to return to the Church after being apostatized. It is the common opinion that, on account of that extreme severity, the canons of that Council were not recorded by the churches, considering that they were only convenient at the time they were issued, which is not positively ascertained. Baronius thinks that it took place under the emperor Constance Chlorus (304)—Fernandez Mendoza, who is famous for his treatise on that council, thinks that it took place under Diocletian and Maximianus, and that the famous Bishop Osio, and also Valerius, were then banished. The city of Elvira, which is supposed to have been in Spain, near Granada, is no more in existence. No authentic records are kept, so that all is doubtful, and I find, very probable, the opinion of many (to which appears to be inclined Ducreax Hist. Ecc. tom. I. p. 299) that the acts, which we have of that council ought to be considered as a collection of several canons from several councils and several authors of antiquity. For these reasons, and also onaccount of some canons of that council which appear to be inconsistent with the doctrine of the Church, it is considered as of no authority by Melchior Cano, Carranza, Petavius, Bellarmine and several eminent theologians. Great many equally eminent authors have supported it, among whom we find the learned Nath. Alexander, in his Ecc. Hist. fourth century.

There is no doubt as to the existence of the Council of Elvira, but there is a great doubt as to the integrity of its canons, and as to the ad-

dition of some others, and perhaps the canon in question is one of them. It runs thus: "A faithful (who has his baptism integer and is not a bigamist) can baptize in case of necessity on sea, or if the Church is not near." The Latin text is this: Peregere navigantes aut si Ecclesia in proximo non fuerit posse fidelem (qui suum baptismum integrum habet nec sit bigamus) baptizare in necessitate. Observing this text, we perceive that the words inclosed in the parenthesis produce great obscurity. Dupin for *baptismum integrum habet*, tranlates *who is not penitent*, that is, who is not under canonical penance; (See Dupin, Hist. Ecc. fourth century), but I cannot admit such translation. If the meaning of the canon be, that those who are under canonical penance have committed crimes by which they lost the grace of baptism and profaned this sacrament very materially, and therefore are not considered worthy of being its ministers: then it follows that the second part of the exception, viz. and *who is not a bigamist*, is entirely useless and redundant; for it is included in the first part, because every bigamist has lost the grace of baptism and profaned this sacrament; every bigamist is, or ought to be, under canonical penance. We have no doubt that the canon speaks of the *simultaneous bigamy*, and not of the *successive*, which by no means can be ranked among crimes; and although it has been always considered as an imperfection, it is not such as to be sufficient cause to exclude a person from baptizing in case of necessity. I think that the canon by the words, *qui baptismum suum integrum habet*, means who never apostatized, but keeps *integer* the faith of baptism. Then the second part, *and who is not a bigamist*, is not included in the first.

FOR THE EXPOSITOR.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

"*Quod* non capis, quod non vides
Animosa firmat Fides," &c.

The bright procession moves along
Throughout the gorgeous streets:
The bells their joyous chime prolong,
And flowers breathe out their sweets;
The canticles of praise resound,
The incense smokes on high:
And countless knees, with awe profound,
Bend, as it passes by.

What passes? is it common bread?
A *figure* of the Lord?
An *emblem* of the Lamb that bled—
Thus honored, thus adored?

No, under that mysterious veil,
Impervious to the eye,
The sacred elements conceal
Him—who once deigned to die.

His glorious body, ris'n again,
As spiritual food he gave:
A boon, for ever to remain
With those he died to save.

There, in that consecrated host,
Mysteriously he dwells;
Our senses view it, and are lost—
Our FAITH the dogma tells.

For, while the *accidents* of bread—
Smell, figure, taste, appear
Before the senses duly spread—
The *substance* is not there.

But, changed by God's all-potent power,
Christ's flesh it did become:
Not gross, not mortal—as before
It triumphed o'er the tomb.

But spiritualized and glorified,
Impassible, and free:
With glorious attributes supplied;
Mystic, and heavenly.

O true, though hidden body, hail!
Unseen, but not unknown:
Faith penetrates the outward veil,
And trembles at thy throne.

Prefigured by the bread and wine
Melchisedeck, of yore,
Brought out—a sacrifice divine—
The Patriarch's tent before.

And by the manna which the clouds
Rained down—a heavenly food—
Sustaining Israel's pilgrim-crowds
Amid the solitude.

Announced in Cana's marriage-hall,
When, at Christ's word divine,
Amid the wonderment of all,
The water changed to wine.

Announced upon the desert sward,
Where hungry thousands sat,
The obedient loaves and fishes heard
His voice, and thousands ate.

And when, at length, the tragic eve
Was darkening from above,
Then to his children did he leave
His legacy of Love.

The longed-for banquet now had ceased,
When in his sacred hand
The bread and cup he took, and blessed,
And gave with this command:

"Take ye, and eat, and drink of this,"
With power divine he said:
"THIS IS MY BODY, and THIS IS
MY BLOOD, soon to be shed."

Then fill with incense sweet, the air,
Strew flowers along the way;
Kneel to your God; with hymn and prayer
Proclaim his sovereign sway.

The Church exults; her children raise
Their pœans loud, and sing
Honor and majesty and praise
To Christ, their God and King.

BIOS.

HUME.

"Nam quis nescit primam esse historiæ legem, *Ne quid falsi dicere audeat?* deinde, *Ne quid veri non audeat? Ne qua suspicio gratiæ sit in scribendo? Ne qua simultatis?* Hæc scilicet fundamenta nota sunt omnibus."—Cic. de Or.

Those, to whom the instruction of youth is committed, are engaged in a pleasant occupation. Yet it is not without its responsibility and its difficulties. The first principles and germs of the future are then implanted and the mind moulded into a permanent form; its natural one of grace and loveliness, an object of our admiration, our praise and our love; or the false and artificial one still admirable for its powers, but fearful by their perversion. It is within the professor's hand, a plastic substance, and for the issue he is answerable to society and to God—the existence and the happiness of the one and devotion to the other, depend upon these early lessons.

In the performance therefore, of this responsible duty care and thought and vigilence are required. The fiery spirit must be curbed—the lagging incited—the wild and eccentrical restrained—all directed. Words from the mouth of the professor first performs these duties—afterwards books. The proportion however, is immeasurably in favor of the latter. With the study of letters we are delighted in our childhood—instructed in our youth—nourished in our manhood—pleased in our old age and solaced throughout all the vicissitudes of our existence. The admonitions of our instructors are but for a brief time. Our actions too adopt this study for their guide—upon the principles derived from manuscript and tome is shaped the tenor of our way, What the child imbibes departs but with the life and the manhood of many is but as the childhood of others. The greatest responsibility consists in the choice or recommendation of proper works for the young or inexperienced student. The most serious and important however of these selections must consist in histories. Principles of action are gathered thence and admiration for the good and detestation of the bad—religion, its effects upon the times and men's characters, stations and actions; all, in a word, that is interesting in the past and of encouragement for the future are here acervated. Yet how many are these histories? One full and true; innumerable fair and false.

So imperceptibly are the vile and

baser materials intermingled, by the ingenious and deceitful narrator, with the bright and beautiful, and all form a mass so attractive, that the young and incautious, left to themselves, are won to admire the detestable and to spurn what they might fairly love. Who shall warn—who correct? Here is the instructors or reviewers place; here his duty. The shield of Minerva is in his hand, a Palladium for his charge, and a Gorgon for their enemy.

Here is the pleasant task. Sweet and consolatory to have saved the pure and innocent from the corruption, that defiles the spirit and contaminates the heart—to have rescued even by gentle force, the charmed and unconscious victim from the serpent, that would have devoured it.

We have experienced this interference—there was a time in our youth when we would have perused with morbid sense Hume and Gibbon and a thousand others, who had been contagion to our soul; but the watchful eye of our second parents—the instructors to whom our natural ones had entrusted our spring-time—was upon and around and their eloquence won us away, or the ready hand, at duty's call, soothingly forced us from the infectious feast. It was thought unkind and capricious then; but years of experience and thought have proved their judgments just and their actions replete with kindness, and solicitude for our welfare. Accept then thus late, yet publicly, our thanks, ye noble sons of Loyola, and, although much besides to thank you for, there is naught beyond, the watchfulness that guarded your pupil from authors, whose tendency is low, and foul and corrupt, injurious to high principle and destructive of moral duty: we kiss the hand with gratitude, which once seemed harsh and officious in its protection; but which has proved more than kind and is seen to have turned aside the poisoned chalice.

It has been often hoped, that some one competent to the task, would make an onset on these demoralizing authors of English literature, and tearing from them the sheep's clothing, which they have worn for years without detection, exhibit them to the world in all their vileness and deformity. Gibbon has need of it—and it would be to every ingenuous heart a pleasure, and to the world would prove a service. Besides him and the author whose name appears at the head of this article, there are others of lesser note, who with little light flit about in the surrounding gloom, not unlike the phosphoric fires, exhaled from swamps and marshes, and who like them lead those attracted by their gleam, through mud and mire onward to evil and misery, perhaps to death. Yet strike down their Saturn first, and ring and satellites will follow.

This has been done; of late the English Reviewers are becoming more true in ther sentiments, and more Catholic in their tone. The time of misrepresentation among the learned is past, and the day of retribution for the prejudiced and the

intentionally unjust historian and irreligious author is at hand. Oblivion, or infamy and disgrace are hovering over their names. The London Quarterly has given an example.

The Review in the last uumber, of Hume and his influence upon history, which suggested the preceding remarks, is a master piece. Some extracts will support this assertion, and give an insight into the eharacter of that arch Deist and his works.

Alciphron and *Euphranor* are conversing. Alciphron, the friend and apologist of Hume speaks:

"Hume may be deficient in diligence and research, but, as I have before said, how easily can any defects arising from imperfect information, be supplied by those, who, with less genius and philosophy, have more opportunity of collecting materials, more assiduity, more knowledge! And if there be any tendencies at variance with received opinions, surely a calm and temperate correction of his errors, will sufficiently enable the reader to maintain a due impartiality.'

"You are quoting, O *Alciphron*—was the reply of *Euphranor*—the words of the late John Allen, who, as an acute, diligent, and critical investigator of history, is entitled to great respect; but the task of correction would not be so easy as you suppose. Fully do I acknowledge the clearness displayed in Hume's history though I should not characterize his qualities exactly in the same terms. Allen's language is even more tinged by affection than that of the lover; for in the very same article he says: 'We are thoroughly sensible of the deficiencies in what constitute the chief merit of an historian, fidelity and regard to truth.'—Professor Smyth goes a deal father. He warns us to be 'ever suspicious' of the author's 'particular prejudices.' He virtually accused his favorite writer of a perpetual falsification of his subject, 'by ascribing to the personages of history, as they pass before him, the views and opinions of later ages: those sentiments and reasonings which his own enlightened and powerful mind was able to form, not those which either really were or could be formed by men thinking or acting many centuries before.' And sums up the literary character of the 'beautiful narrative' by telling that 'in Hume's history truth is continually mixed up with misrepresentation, and the whole mass of the reasoning, which in its final impression is materially wrong, is so interspersed with observations which are in themselves perfectly right, that the reader is at no time suffiiciently on his guard, and is at last betrayed into conclusions totally unwarrantable, and at variance with his best feelings and soundest opinions."*

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"Hume's general information, his apparent mildness and good temper, his gentlemanlike flow of language

* The passages quoted by Alciphron and Euphranor will be found in the Edinburgh Review, No. 83; and in Smyth's Lectures, vol. i., Lecture V., which we request our readers to peruse attentivley, comparing it with this article.

when he was not provoked, his conversational powers, and the general tendency of his moral and philosophical essays, gained him much notoriety and favor in the literary circles and coteries of Edinburgh. Deism was spreading, with exceeding rapidity, amongst the more intellectual classes of the northern Capital. Philosophy became almost indispensable for preserving literary caste. Free-thinking however, was then a quasi-aristocratical luxury. It had not yet descended to the Lord Provost and the Town-Council; and when Hume became a candidate for the Chair of Moral Philosophy, the 'zealots' having been bold enough to assert that he was an apostle of infidelity, he lost his election."

This defeat he never forgave, but pass we on to the description of one of his moral works:

"The "Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals' may stand high in the scale of mediocrity. What have we in this pragmatic dissertation? A favorable approbation of qualities commonly favored; a dislike of vices commonly odious; commonplace observations brought forth with placid solemnity; obvious truths intermixed with as obvious fallacies. Cold approbation is the utmost Hume bestows. He has no objection to the more amiable of the natural qualities of mankind, if they trouble him not in his easy way. Without seeking to encourage any vice which might diminish the safety of society, he is apathetic even in the cause of Pagan virtue."

Hume sits for his portrait—it is done to the life:

"In discussing Hume's claims to be adopted as the 'guide and philosopher,' who, 'on *all* topics connected with our history entirely gives the law,' it is therefore important to ascertain whether he employed due diligence, in studying the materials which were accessible to him, and in availing himself of the ample library, which, as he informs us, stimulated him to his enterprise. Gibbon thought not: he describes Hume's history as '*elegant* but *superficial*;' apparently a slight epithet of blame, but which, employed by Gibbon, obtains great intensity. Congenial, unhapily, as their opinions might be in some respects, no two literary characters could be more distinct. Hume's historical Muse is dressed a la Pompadour; she is so painted that you never see her true complexion, you never get deeper than the rouge and the fard. Hume, in his best moods, only fluttered about the truth: never sought to know it. Gibbon sought to know the truth; but for the purpose of wickedly and perfidiously perverting it. Yet how admirable was the talent exerted by Gibbon, in hostility to the Power by whom the gift was bestowed—his nice sense of the due subordination of the different branches, into which he divided his studies; the good sense which taught him to intersperse them amidst each other, so varied as to relieve the mind, and yet so continuous as not to distract attention—to slacken the bow, but never leave it

unstrung! His constant vigilance to improve every opportunity—recovering his Greek, to the sound of the fife and the tattoo, when on duty at Devizes; placing Homer in parallel with the verse of Pope and the geography of Strabo; comparing the returned numbers of the establishment of the Berkshire militia, with its actual rank and file, 560 nominal and 273 effective, and hence drawing his inferences respecting the real magnitude of the armies commemorated in history."

"Hume, at least in the papers which have been published, abstains from affording us any similar information. 'My own Life' is silent concerning my own studies during the progress of the history; nor have we any means 'of visiting the fattest of epicurean hogs in his sty,'—this is Gibbon's kind phrase, explained by the ingenious index-maker a 'jocose allusion to Mr. Hume's indolence.' The only glimpse we gain is through a story told by a late venerable Scottish crony, Some one having hinted that David had neglected an authority he ought to have consulted, the old gentleman replied:—'Why, mon, David read a vast deal before he set about a piece of his book; but his usual seat was the sofa, and he often wrote with his legs up; and it would have been unco fashions to have moved across the room when any little doubt occurred."

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"Of Church history, he knew absolutely nothing. Slight references to the imperfect English Concilia by Spelman, testify his ignorance or neglect of the more complete edition which we owe to Wilkins; a book which, a quarter of a century ago, was estimated as waste paper, but which now is worth more pounds than it was then worth shillings. Hume was entirely unacquainted with any of the ample collections in which the transactions of the Church are recorded. A few passages, relating to Ecclesiastical law and history, are borrowed from the pungent Satires of Fra Paolo Sarpi; his facts for the Crusades, from Maimbourg or Vertot; his notices of continental history, generally, from the *Essai sur les Mœurs* by Voltaire, and some other of the then fashionable works of French infidel literature. In the Stuart portions, Hume worked more freely and independently, from original writers; though Eachard, and also Bishop Kennet's compilation, useful for the documents and textual extracts which it contains, were serviceable in saving the walk across the room."

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"Hume's language shows us that his main strength lies in his art of rhetorical persuasion—in his striving always to lead the hearer to form inferences beyond his words—in his being able to throw out his written discourse with the ease of conversation, avoiding its triviality—and in a thorough appreciation of the respect which an author gains, who can neither be depreciated for vulgarity nor ridiculed for bombast. On the other hand, Hume's language equally dis-

closes his deficiency in historical knowledge, evinced by his inability to relate his history in an appropriate diction; he wants the happy medium between that paraphrase which obliterates the character of the original, and the untrue fidelity, which even still more would disguise its real features."

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"Hume is fierce against the middle ages for their ignorance of geography:—'The imperfect communication amongst the kingdoms, and their ignorance of each other's situations, made it impracticable for them to combine in one project or effort;' Hume was no less ignorant of the political geography of those times, without which it is quite as impracticable for an historian to combine his facts for the instruction of his readers. He creates a kingdom of *Naples* in the twelfth century, when the continental dominions of the *King of Sicily* consisted of the duchy of Apalia and the principality of Capua. He speaks of Italy and Germany in relation to the disputes between Pope and Emperor. Now his Italy is merely Lombardy. Germany, as we now see it colored on the map, did not then exist. The countries which he means are the territories of the empire, bounded by the Rhone on the one side, and the wilds of the Lithuanians, and Prussians and Sclavonians, on the east."

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"When Hume personifies the papal authority in the twelfth century by the 'triple crown,' and represents the Pontiff, at the same era, as launching his thunders from the 'Vatican,' he shows that he deserves the same confidence in his knowledge of the papal history, as if, writing the history of France, he were to embody the valor of France during the crusades under the symbol of the tricolor, or describe St. Louis as issuing his ordinances from the Tuileries. The second crown did not appear on the tiara till after Boniface VIII. [1294—1303], whilst the third was only added in the thirteenth century by Boniface IX. [1389—1404]; and the Vatican never became the official residence of the popes, until the widowhood of Rome ceased, by the return of the pontiffs from Avignon."

"In every touch we detect the inaccuracy of the picture. Hume tells us that, in the twelfth century, parish registers were not *regularly* kept. Not *regularly* kept! Parish registers were never kept in any part of the world until the sixteenth century. The only mode by which the Piovano of San' Giovanni, the baptistery of Florence, took an account of the infants whom he baptized [and all the infants in the city were brought thither], was by putting beans into a bag—a white bean for a girl, and a black bean for a boy—and then casting them up at the end of the year."

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"Hume's inaccuracies go at once to the competency of the historian—the flaws in the metal, which show that the piece will not stand fire—specks on the rind, which betray the

unsoundness of the fruit, rotten to the core."

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"Hume, the travelled scholar, inspired by the ambition of literary fame, the ruling passion, as he tells us, of his life, had it fully in his power to have composed a history, in which an even flow of style, polished though not forcible, a courteous and gentlemanlike dignity, a happy disposition of incidents and the delicate taste which, preventing his attainlng the sublime, always guarded him against the ridiculous, would have furnished a narrative in which instruction pleasantly conveyed might have been compensated for the absence of original inquiry. Hume is a great master in historical discourse. He is a *consummate Rhetor*. As a composition, considered wtihout reference to truth or principle, his Stuart apology is unrivalled."

"But all his powers—they were great, and might have been noble—are rendered useless by the *consummate Rhetor's* continued perversion of *history* into a panegyric of infidelity. His metaphysical writings have always been more known than read—so dull, that even the zest of doing a wrong thing can hardly now persuade the reader to grapple with their drowsy inanity. Even the warmth and talents of his opponents could never criticise them into popularity. At last he discovered his peculiar talent. It was this acquisition of self-knowledge, and not the opportunities of his office, which induced him, like Voltaire, to adopt history as the more effective vehicle of his opinions; and he fully succeeded. 'INFIDELITY FOR THE MILLION' is the heading for Hume's history, than which only *one* other—and is it needful to name Gibbon?—has exerted a more baneful influence upon English literature, and through English literature upon the civilized world. Antipathy to faith had become engrafted upon his moral constitution. Like Gibbon, he was possessed with malignant hatred against all goodness and holiness. 'Never lose an opportunity,' was the advice given by a kindred spirit, 'of placing gunpowder grain by grain, under the gigantic edifice of superstition, until the mine shall be charged with a sufficient quantity to blow up the whole.' Hume did not dare to fire the train. He would have dreaded the smoke and noise of an explosion."

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"He comforted himself in his dying hours with the hope of the ultimate advent of unbelief triumphant. 'Have a little patience, good Charon; I have been endeavoring to open the eyes of the public; If I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition.'"

"To this one object, the destruction of 'religious fictions and chimeras,' all Hume's endeavors were directed. It was the one end and intent of the History, which gives to the whole the epic unity, whence its seductive merit is in a great measure derived. Hume's mode of dealing

with religion shows the cowardice of his heart; he dreaded lest conviction should come upon him against his will. He was constantly trying to stupify his own conscience, lest the pain of perceiving any reality in things unseen should come on. The first object of Hume is to nullify religion. All the workings of Providence in worldly affairs are denied; or blurred when he cannot deny them. All active operations of holiness, all sincerity, is excluded. He constantly labors to suppress any *belief* in *belief*, as an efficient cause of action; he will rather infer any other influential motive. Silence, argumentation equivocation, absolute falsity, are all employed with equal dexterity, and in sovereign contempt of all the laws by which the conscience of an historian should be ruled. But if he cannot blot out religion entirely, he lowers, degrades, deforms it; yet he prefers to affect contempt, rather than express absolute aversion; he treats faith rather as a meanness, which the enlightened philosopher is ashamed to notice, than as an enemy who needs to be actively expelled. Ever and anon, however, his hatred becomes apparent; and he forgets even the conventional decencies of language in the bitternes of his heart. When his so-called history is not an inferential argument against religion, it is an invective. Could the powers of Belial be described more forcibly, than in the following remarkable passage?*

'Hume, without positively asserting much more than he can prove, gives prominence to all the circumstances which support his case. He glides lightly over those which are favorable to it. His own witnesses are applauded and encouraged: the statements which seem to throw discredit on them are controverted: the contradictions into which they fall are explained away; a clear and connected abstract of their evidence is given. Everything that is offered on the other side is scrutinized with the utmost severity: a very suspicious circumstance is a ground for comment and invective; what cannot be denied is extenuated or passed by without notice. Concessions even are sometimes made; but this insidious candour only increases the effect of this vast mass of sophistry.'—And in every shape, Hume is the Belial advocate of infidelity."

"When reading Hume's history we must carefully keep in view the meaning of the terms which he employs; his technical language must be translated by turning to his own dictionary—Religion is with Hume either *Superstition* or *Fanaticism*. He so applies and counterchanges these opprobrious terms as to include every possible form of Christianity. In the Churches of Rome and England, superstition predominates; in

*From Mr. Macaulay's article upon 'History,' Edinburgh Review, No. xciv. We have no hesitation in affixing Mr. Macaulay's name to this admirable and in most respect incontrovertible essay. Since he has not reprinted it in his collection. we trust he will reproduce it in an enlarged form, perhaps reconsidering his judgment of the Greek historians.

the Calvanistic Churches, which he detested most, fanaticism: though all are equally assailed. When he bombard's St. Peter's, his shells glance off upon St. Paul's. His spear passes through Archbishop Anselm, and pins Archbishop Howley to the wall. The filth with which he bespatters the Lateran Council defiles the General Assembly. But, alas! each religious body, viewing only the damage done to its opponents, has been insensible of the hurt which its own cause receives from the bitter enemy of their common Head. Too successful has been the policy adopted by him, of 'opposing one species of superstition to another,' and thus profiting by the dissensions which he helps to raise."

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"As history unfolds, and each successive personage is put upon his trial before Hume, he very carefully examines into character. Can it be shown that king or statesman has reviled the word of God, oppressed the priesthood, robbed the Church—then the Judge charges the jury to take the evidence of good character into consideration. If, on the contrary, witnesses come forward, showing that the culprit has been guilty of Christianity—then, in passing sentence, this previous conviction calls for aggravation of punishment. We have thus, in all Hume's delineations of character—delineations far more frequently displaying the common place cantrasts of a theme, than the skill of a philosophical inquirer—a constant source of falsification. 'Rufus,' says Hume, 'was a violent and tyrannical prince, a perfidious, encroaching, and dangerous neighbor, an unkind and ungenerous relation, and was equally prodigal and rapacious in the management of his treasury. If he possessed abilities, he lay so much under the government of impetuous passions, that he made little use of them in his administration.' Yet Hume lets him off with many a good word. His open profaneness is excused, as the result of 'sharp wit:' and with great kindness and consideration, he warns us, that we must be 'cautious of admitting *every* thing related by the monkish historians to the disadvantage of this prince;' he, Hume having already admitted and enlarged upon every fact related by the monkish historians, which shows his profligate and reckless tyranny."

"Take, for example, Lanfranc. 'Lanfranc was a Milanese monk; he was born in an independent and hostile state, the city of Pavia, Hume, turning to Guthrie's Grammar, and finding that Pavia was included in the Duchy of Milan, supposed that it was equally so in the eleventh century. Moreover, though Lanfranc was a monk, he did not become so till long after he had crossed the Alps, when he professed in the rising monastery of Dec Hellouin: afterwards he became abbot of Caen, whence he was translated to Canterbury. 'This prelate was rigid in defending the prerogatives of his station; and after a long process before the Pope, he obliged Thomas, a Norman Monk, who had been appointed to the see

of York, to acknowledge the primacy of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Where ambition can be so happy as to cover his enterprises, even to the person himself, under the appearance of principle, it is the most incurable and inflexible of human passions,' &c. True enough, but the maxim, ingeniously hitched in between the account of Lanfranc's contest and a falsified statement of his zeal for the papacy, does not apply to either. Whether Canterbury or York should possess the primacy was a mixed question of legal right and constitutional privilege. The primacy had been long disputed, upon grounds as strictly technical as those which give an individual a right to an estate. York acted with considerable pertinacity; some of the earlier evidences were ambiguous. Adverse possession might in some cases, be surmised; the suit was to be decided, therefore, by the construction of legal instruments and by evidence. Archbishop Lanfranc brought his suit against Archbishop Thomas, in the same manner as two peers might have contested the possession of a barony in Parliament. Moreover, the claim was one which Lanfranc could not surrender. Had he yielded, he would have sacrificed the rights of his successors, the liberties of the English people. As primate, he was the first member of the Great Council of the realm."

"Through the Archbishop, upon each coronation, the compact was concluded between the sovereign and the subject. Furthermore Lanfranc's success established the principle, that whatever rights had legally subsisted before the Conquest, were to be preserved and maintained unaffected by the accession of the new dynasty. Lanfranc maintaining the rights of his see, protected all his successors—all his order. It is they who, at the present time, are still reaping the benefit; it was their battles which Lanfranc fought. The decision given in Lanfranc's case governed all similar cases; and, followed by the resistance of his successor Anselm to the spoliations and oppressions of Rufus and Beauclerk, protected the rights of every diocese and diocesan, every dean and deanery, every parish priest and parish throughout the kingdom. Every churchman in England holds his preferment as the heir of Lanfranc and of Anselm."

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"Perhaps the speculative atheism of Hume—for it is a violation of the warning not to call evil good, if, when required to pass judgment, we designate his principles by any other name—may render his history, in some respects, more pernicious, if that be possible, than the ribald ingressive infidelity of Gibbon. Arsenic may warn us by the pain which the poison occasions, but narcotics steal life away. Hume constantly tempts us to deny the existence of the Supreme Being, before whom he trembles. He raises his foul and pestilential mists, seeking to exclude from the universe the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, whom he hates and defies. The main object and end of history is the setting

forth God's glory, so as to show that national happiness arises from doing His appointed work, and that national punishment are the results of national sins; yet let it not be supposed that, in order to render history beneficial, it must of necessity be expressly written upon religious principles, still less that facts should be coarsely and presumptuously wrested, for the purpose of justifying the ways of God to man. If there be one thing worse than a pious fraud it is a pious fallacy. Any narrative of the affairs of the world, when not corrupted by the Lying Spirit of unbelief, sufficiently declares the superintending power of the Almighty. Fire and hail, snows and vapours, wind and storm, all the inanimate objects of nature, are seen fulfilling His word: and the simple statement of the vicissitudes of the kings and nations of the earth will always declare the terrors of His judgments, and the mercies of His love. But the Deistical philosopher—the foolish and impotent rebel against the Almighty—strives to annul the evidence given by the light of nature. He would deprive mankind of all the hope, and trust, and joy, which can sustain us in our pilgrimage, seducing us to be his companion in the downward path, conducting to the portals of the shadow of death—

Per me si va nella citta dolente,
Per me si va nel eterno dolore,
Per me si va tra la perduta gente—
... Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate."

J. E. D.

FOR THE EXPOSITOR.

THE GRAVE-YARD.

HERE rest the dead! no more the busy throng
That crowd our streets shall see them, nor the song
Of happy innocence its joys impart,
Causing the heart to bound or tear to start!
To glad their senses each returning Spring,
In vain its flowers—or autumn fruits—shall bring;
Alike the wintry snow and summer sun—
They feel them not—their earthly course is run!

Death, the great conquerer, in this battle field
Has laid his prostrate victims: here concealed,
As well the aged as the babe unnamed,
For all must yield, at whom his shafts are aimed!
In luxury nurtured, or inured to toil—
Together sleep beneath one common soil!
'Till the last trumpet shall their slumbers wake
And from victorious Death his victory take!

Where are they now? the veil can not be drawn
That hides the picture: and if us to warn
Even a spirit from the grave should rise,
Our faith would not give credence to our eyes!
When we are mouldering in our kindred clay,
As we for these, for us may others pray;
May their departed souls with peace be blest,
And purged from sin, find everlasting rest! R. R. I. P.

LUCAS CAVALLERO.

No sooner did the spring return, the rains abate, and the weather become clear and beautiful, than he took leave of his people, earnestly commending to their charge the services and regulations he had instituted: when autumn came, they were to expect his return. He journeyed first to a tribe who were continually at war with their neighbors. Their town was well peopled: the streets straight and clean, the houses neat and convenient, and ornamented with many articles of their own workmanship. The warriors used bucklers of various kinds of feathers, curiously interwoven: the women worked delicate stuffs, of which their garments were composed; others adorned themselves with nosegays of flowers, tastefully braided in their hair. His companions represented to Lucas that the risk was great, of thus placing himself at the mercy of a hostile people: "but it was not easy to intimidate him." A troop came forth at his approach, who looked at him for some minutes in fixed and silent at-

tention, and then offered him a thousand civilities. Presenting him with some of their most beautiful bucklers, with various refreshments, they conducted him into the place, and to the house that was to be his lodging, which adjoined the temple. He marked this place as a future offering unto God; for he saw that in refinement, intelligenee, and generosity, these people exceeded most of the Manacicas. They had never before heard of the words of life and immortality, and his home might here have tempted the wanderer to rest awhile; so kind and so touching were the attentions of the inhabitants. The men came to converse, and listen to his words, while the women brought presents of fruits and flowers, and sang their wild native airs, and shewed the stuffs they had worked, and were delighted at his praises. In stature and in personal attractions they were superior to all the women he had seen: their figure was tall and slender, their faces oval, the complexion of a clear olive, and the hair and eyes very dark. At the funeral of the son of a chief, Cavallero had the curiosity to join in the procession, in order to observe their manner of interment. As soon as the night set in, the corpse was brought into the middle of the square, where the parents and friends embraced it, and in a loud voice uttered their last adieus; it was then placed on a bier, to which a lighted torch was applied, and after the burning, the ashes were collected with great ceremonies, accompanied with groans and tears, and were enclosed in an urn. A few moments after, several troops, armed with lances, and their beautiful shields of feathers, drew up in the square, in deep silence, and then separated to guard all the avenues of the streets that entered into the square. Then the funeral lament began, while the light of the torches added to the solemnity of the scene.

Departing from this interesting people, he bent his steps to the Quiriquicas, who had put his life in jeopardy the preceding year, and now longed for his return. He had promised, at this season to see them again. They came forth eagerly to welcome him; but their countenances as well as words were full of grief; and it appeared that a contagious disease had ravaged the place, which they believed he had sent as a punishment for their wickedness. He hastened to see the cacique, who had fallen into a delirium; while the chief warriors and attendants stood helplessly around, believing him to be past all remedy. Lucas, who loved this man, burst into tears at the sight, and falling on his knees, implored of God, that for the sake of the merits of Christ, and of this soul bought with his blood, he would restore him to reason to be a blessing to his people. A few hours afterwards the delirium left him; and Cavallero seized the favorable moment to move him to repentance, and to a trust in the divine mercy. The chieftain listened with the earnestness of a dying man, whose power was passing from him like a dream,

and whose soul could put trust no more in the gods of his fathers, who mocked his calamity. Fainting at the hand of death, he still listened to the words of the missionary that promised him salvation, and made a sign that he wished to be baptized. As soon as the rite was performed, the spirit fled. The pestilence was too general to allow of the usual pompous interment given to the caciques, and he was carried by his favorite warriors to the grave, followed only by his friends and relatives. Lucas strove to soothe the sorrows of the people, who fell like grass beneath the contagion; he prayed beside them, and spoke words of comfort, aad allayed their pains by administering simple remedies; and in a few weeks, the pestilence, having exhausted itself, abated rapidly.

The winter was now at hand, and it was time to depart to another territory. After two days' march, Lucas and those who accompanied him forded a river, and soon afterwards they perceived a village, surrounded with high palisades. The paths which led to it were guarded by sharp stakes fixed in the ground, which, being covered by grass, were not at first visible. At this discovery, fear seized his companions, and they advanced slowly, preserving deep silence. Arrived at the foot of the palisades, they were surprised to see no person come forth, and to hear no voice within. The missionary confesses, "that fear came over him while passing the palisade, but that it abated at the sight of an Indian boy, who lifted up his hands to heaven, as if his trust was there." On entering the village, they found the dwellings burned, and the ground covered with dead bodies. It was a piteous sight, and Lucas sat down to rest amid the ruins, for he was utterly unmanned. Woes had come thick upon him: the pestilence, that ravaged the town he had left, and broke his hope of a numerous church among its attached people; the death of the cacique; a foreboding of evil near at hand; the scene of slaughter before his eyes, in which men, women, and children were barbarously massacred. The spot was remote and solitary, and his companions urged him to depart. The river, at a short distance, full of fish, and the wood full of game, probably induced this people to dwell here, exposed to the enemy, who seemed to have come upon them suddenly by night, for there had evidently been no conflict. Evening was drawing on, and it was unsafe to linger in such a place. The gloom of the woods grew deeper, and the beasts of prey would soon gather to the feast; so with heavy hearts they pursued their way. Advancing a day's journey farther, he met the chief of a large village, with many attendants, who began to complain bitterly of his neglect in not coming to see him, and traitorously used every artifice, entreaty, and persuasion. Cavallero, after some hesitation, consented to go with him, and evening had fallen when they entered the place, but no sooner did they approach the great square where the

Indians were assembled, than he was received with a shower of darts: two of his neophytes fell wounded at his feet, and he instantly saw that to retreat was certain death. With a firm countenance, therefore, he rapidly advanced, the darts still flying on every side; and the Indians, seeing him in their power, suspended for a few moments their aim. Perceiving the mapono, who was transported with rage, he addressed him fearlessly, "You cannot take my life, unless God permits it: do you dare to say that the demons are the lords of heaven and earth? vile and contemptible creatures, condemned to the eternal fire by the divine justice! God will punish you like them." The mapono had despatched a message to the cacique of the Sabarecas, named Abetzaico, to come with his soldiers to exterminate the capital enemy of the gods; but, startled and irresolute at the words of Lucas, he no longer incited his people to destroy him, and the savages themselves, when they saw him in their very ranks, seemed reluctant to shed his blood. In the mean time, Abetzaico arrived, without arms, and followed simply by two vassals: he sternly reproached the mapono with his violence, and bade the people disperse. Word was brought to Cavallero, that his two neophytes, who were wounded, were at the point of death, and he hastened to the spot where they lay. "How can I express my grief!" he says in his letter; "the grief that filled my heart, when I saw my two companions stretched on the earth, that was red with their blood, while the leaves of trees were the only covering of their wounds from the musquitoes. I saw their patience, and their looks testified the intimate communion they had with Jesus Christ; and their joy that they thus shed their blood for the salvation of these barbarians. The dart had pierced through the arm of one of them, and the lacerated nerves brought on frequent convulsions. As to the other, the weapon entered the lower part of the body, and the intestines came through the wound." He had ever exhorted them to exercise mercy and charity toward all men: for "mercy finds confidence before God."

Earnestly solicited by Abetzaico to return with him to his territory, Lucas left this perfidious place; he was now in the hands of an honorable and gallant man, who had viewed with abhorrence the treachery of his ally, for he had been summoned to assist at the death of the missionary, and at the festival that was to celebrate it; but he came to be his deliverer. Abetzaico had heard of Lucas, and as they walked on together he desired to hear an account of the faith. The missionary complied with his request, and they conversed on the subject until they drew near to the town. Let it not be said that the missionary's life is a continual cross, for the startling changes to which it is subject are often its powerful charm: and he lives longer, and often more usefully, in a short term of years, than many ministers who draw the wheels of life on to old age.

What memorable passages, moving and beautiful episodes, that speak of the love that dieth not, and of the hate more cruel than the grave, are gathered into his vivid and fleeting career!—while few are the indelible characters or attachments that have risen or been cherished amidst the dull routine of life, in the calm and passionless excitements of the same home, the same scene, the same familiar faces. Time, with Lucas, as with Xavier, never flapped his heavy wings on their way; they seized the destroyer with a bold hand, and bound him to their chariot wheels, so that, let good or evil come, he should never rise as a swift witness against them, or say that one hour was wasted, or the talents given them by their Master buried, even for a moment.

Entering the town of the Subarecas, they were received with every demonstration of joy; festivals were given in honor of the stranger, who was lodged in the home of Abetzaico, in a large chamber that was one of the suite opening into the great hall where the assemblies were held. He was always invited to be present at those meetings; and a place of honor, among the chief captains was given him. The mapono, who was present, dared not open his mouth against him, for Abetzaico and most of the people desired to become Christians. Being a man of superior ability, generous and kind to his people, who were often oppressed by their caciques, he was greatly beloved; and as he addressed the assembly, in favor of Christianity, he insisted on its superiority to their own belief, and recommended them to embrace it without delay. When the prince and the leading men were of this opinion, the people were sure to follow. Nothing was talked of in the Indian town but the new faith, and the chief pleasure was to render honor to the stranger, which they evinced in a way not entirely to his taste, though he was too grateful to reprove them. Being fond of dancing and feasting, some Manacican balls were given, at which the women were tastefully dressed in vests of cotton, that fell just below the knee, and over this they wore a light robe; their arms and necks were adorned with beads and trinkets; the distinction of the chief captains was a plume of white feathers in the hair, for the men wear their hair nearly as long as the women, and its loss is as sensible an affliction as can befall them. A good part of the night was consumed by this gay and spirited people in the dance, where sometimes the airy forms flitted by on the "light fantastic toe," and at others they were mingled in wild tumultuous confusion, when the very earth groaned beneath their feet, and their shrill cries might be heard afar off in the forest. At the banquet, the choicest delicacies the stream or the chase could supply, were served with more order and cleanliness than Lucas had yet observed among the tribes, and the dishes and utensils were of earthenware, of curious and delicate workmanship, modelled by the hands of the women. On their love of drinking, that would soon have led to in-

toxication, he put a timely check; and during his residence in the place, this vice was laid aside, and soon after abandoned by the cacique and the principal people. Lucas was not a silent spectator of this festivity: he had observed, among the various tribes who compose the great nation of the Manacicas, a passionate love of music, and sometimes, in passing through the woods, where the people were alarmed at his coming, he would begin singing, with his converts, some of the canticles he had composed, "when the savages would instantly bolt out from their thickets and lurking holes, and follow with the greatest transports the voices they heard. They had excellent qualifications for becoming good musicians, for there are very fine voices commonly found among them, owing in part, it is pretended, to the waters of the Parana and Uraguay." When the gaieties, during which he conversed with the captains or more aged men, had somewhat subsided through weariness of those engaged in them, he made them a short address, in which he drew their thoughts gently to a higher theme, and then with his neophytes, sang some of the more solemn offices, or verses of his own fancy; and the assembly, men and women, lately as boisterous and wild with joy as children, listened with an inexpressible pleasure, and a silence so deep that at each pause it might be poetically said, "the murmur of the wind could be distinctly heard, and the distant roar of the beasts of prey fell sadly on the ear."

Ever since the moment when Abetzaico beheld Lucas beneath the weapons of the traitors, his soul was knit to him more than to a brother: the friendless heroism of the man, the unprovoked cruelty of his enemies, perhaps his own share in saving him, had their part in this feeling. Undaunted bravery, veiled beneath the frankness and candor of a child, is perhaps the surest passport to the savage as well as civilized heart; and there was little asceticism about Lucas, who affected sacrifices and mortifications less than most of his colleagues; and perhaps felt that the good-will and kindness of others, and the gaining one friendship, one golden word and look, is worth ten thousandfold more than any little stern reforms of dress, demeanor or recreation. Perhaps he also remembered the words of Xavier, "walk generously before your God; love abroad, peace at home, a freedom from the sin of censuring others—this is religion." He was among a people, happy and cheerful under the government of a just and kind chieftain, whose policy and valor preserved them from the inroads of the more ferocious tribes, and who oppressed not the poor. He did not here adopt the same menacing tone as among the ruder nations, but by persuasion, frequent visits, and friendly converse in the dwellings of the people, where he was heard gladly, he led them all to the knowledge of God. He read the scripture, and then explained what he had read to every family. Had he been disposed to pitch his

tent for life in the home of Abetzaico, he would have known few more sorrows and dangers, and the arms of this gallant people would have screened him from the plots and treacheries that were even now, as the snares of death, around his path. The voice of blood was in the forests night and day, summoning the mighty stranger, for the people could no longer endure to see their gods broken in pieces and burned to ashes. In the dwellings of the principal warriors, which joined that of the cacique, he passed much of the time; for it was a luxury to converse with men who had long taken a leading part in the wars, councils, and policy of the Manacicas. The white hair of some ancient men hung down to the girdle, and to their ears the words of the gospel were like strange sounds. The missionary observed that it was very hard to turn an aged heathen to God, for they loved to talk of their battles, surprises, and inroads; and perhaps a few among them looked cold and stern on the ravage of the temples, and the ruin of their worship. At seventy or eighty years of age, when the feelings grow chill, the step weary, and the heart and imagination are cold, what charm is there in a new faith? "Can it give me back my youth?" said an ancient man to one who strove to win him to the truth. "Old things must be done away;" usages, beliefs, delusions, must be severed from the memory, which is the only bowl which is not broken at the fountain; "and all things must become new;" hope, joy, and affection. It is no wonder that the old warrior turned a vacant eye on the missionary. The joy of the people was changed into a gloomy sadness when the time came for the departure of Lucas, and there was lamentation in every dwelling. "Stay with us, my father," they said, "we conjure you to stay: you will not be so happy with any other people: we love you, we love your religion, and will be faithful to it: perhaps we may never behold you again: you will go far from us, where perhaps they will slay you." Lucas wept at their words, and perhaps some dark presentiment crossed his mind; but why should he fear death? He had often met with him face to face.

At his departure, the flower of all the youth accompanied him; some bearing provisions, others with instruments to clear the way, and cut down the trees; and many, refusing to be separated, left home and relatives to follow him. During four days they travelled through a dense forest by a narrow and difficult path, which the guides sometimes lost; and at last, being unable to retrace it, they wandered many days in the heart of these dreary woods, the gloom of which was never cheered by the sun, or by a glimpse of the open country.—Their provisions were exhausted, and they had nothing to eat but leaves and wild roots. The axes of those who went forward were powerless to open a way through this "valley of the shadow of death; and at times they came to the entrance of long, noble avenues of trees, winding

as far as the eye could reach, and then they would fancy that they had at last found an outlet; but after a few miles they were stopped by the impervious thicknees of the trunks and branches, and obliged to take another direction. Fortunately, they were in no want of water, for streams were plentiful throughout the way.

At last, when they least thought of it, they found themselves at no great distance from a village of the Aruporecan Indians, whom he had visited a few years before; and the kind and earnest welcome being over, he was consoled at finding the same estrangement from idolatry, and attachment to the faith, as when he had left them. He passed some days here, and then resumed his route.—After traversing several lakes, marshes, and woods, they again lost their way; but he remembered that there was a village of the Bohocas Indians in this territory near a high mountain, and bade one of the Indians ascend a lofty tree, and look carefully on every side. The Indian saw the mountain at a great distance, and as they had now a sure beacon before them, they instantly pressed on towards it. Many hours passed, for they were obliged to wind and turn many a time; but they approached the mountain continually, and probably fixed their eyes on it with as much earnestness as the weary Arab on the distant minarets of the holy city. The town stood near the foot of the declivities, and there Lucas was lodged in a clean cabin, and refreshments set before him, for his strength was exhausted. The dwelling consisted of two apartments, and the floor was covered with mats, curiously woven. The skins of wild beasts composed his bed, and they brought him wild fruits, venison and fish from the neighboring lakes.

The transition was delightful, for their strength and spirits had been tried to the uttermost; and now mats, the soft couch of skins, with nourishing food, were comfort and luxury. The very wantonness of nature, and the primeval glory of the forest, had become hateful in their eyes, and they now dwelt in inexpressible relief on the naked precipices of the mountain, and even on the shadows of the clouds passing by; and how welcome to them was the expanse of the sky, red with the rising or setting sun, while a few miles distant was the dark covert of woods, that had closed round them like walls of brass. The Indian village was prettily situated at the foot of the mountain, on a rising ground. Some small lakes supplied the people with fish, and in the adjacent forests was plenty of game. When the sabbath came, Lucas rejoiced to see his ancient converts gather round him; it was delightful in so wild a solitude, to sing the praises of that Lord, of whom he was the only herald, and to read the Gospel, and pray together, commending each other to the mercy and grace that descends on the desert as on the city, and makes the poor Indian's home his refuge and his rest. As there was no chapel in the place, he addressed the people,

as was his wont, in the open air.—Exquisite wanderings! is it any wonder that the love of them grew with his years, and strengthened with his strength?

Lucas soon after left this people, and pursued his journey even to the mission of St. Francis Xavier, of which he had formerly the sole charge, where he arrived safely.

A few weeks' rest, and Cavallero returned to his own settlement, about the period which he had on his departure announced to his people, and after five months' absence. In the ensuing year he went forth again, not to explore untrodden regions, but to gather the fruits of his wanderings into an extensive colony, where daily instruction, worship, and the best education he could give, should be established. He knew that they would come at his call, from many of the tribes; and he was anxious to find a pleasant and fertile scene, where the new town might present a fair and striking appearance, so as to captivate the barbarians. His personal ascendancy over them was fortunate, or he might have met, from the more mischievous tribes, with a fate similar to that of three missionaries who set out to convert the Chiriguanes, an intractable people, about twenty thousand in number. Lizardi, Pons and Chome had quitted the settlement in a little carriage, that went rapidly over the plain, a rather luxurious commencement of the mission; but they were obliged on the second day to exchange it for mules, in order to ascend a range of mountains, so high and dreadful, that, though we left the burning heats at their foot, we suffered from heavy falls of snow, and at night the ice was thick and the blast penetrating, nor could our mules without difficulty pass the impetuous torrents. We arrived in the valley of Chiquiaca, where we all three huddled under a tent, on a bank, which was quickly inundated in every part, (for a heavy rain had come up,) so that we were nearly drowned, and had no provision but a little flour of maize. Here we remained five days before the river subsided. Arriving afterwards at Itau, in which territory were twelve villages of Chiriguanes, Lizardi took his way to the river Pirapiti, and I turned towards Cararuti.

I was soon surrounded by men, women and children, who had never seen a missionary before. I sat down on the trunk of a tree, and presented them with needles and beads. They relished my discourse very satisfactorily, when I spoke about indifferent things; but as soon as I changed my subject to the things of religion, they replied with long snifflings. I afterwards set out to Caysa, the centre of infidelity, and fell into an ambuscade of eight Indians, who providentially did not hurt or speak to me. When I saw beneath me the vast countries which stretch far as the eye can reach towards the river Paraguay, it seemed to me that I was in a new world. The people received me kindly at Caysa, but it seemed to me only feint and artifice; but I told them they must build me a cabin, to which they

agreed. I went myself to cut the wood, a good half league distant, and returned with a heavy load on my shoulders; and while my cabin was building I had no lodging, but lay in the public square in the open air; and I perceived that while I slept, they stole my clothes; sometimes one thing, sometimes another, so that when I awoke I shivered with the cold, and found myself half naked. All these things made me resolve to quit the place for a while, but I saw in their eyes a reluctance that their prey should escape them. I left Caysa a little before sunset, to avoid the excessive heats, but I really thought this night would be the last of my life, when I climbed on foot the dreadful mountain between Caysa and Carapari. I was bathed in profuse perspiration, from head to foot, and tormented with the most cruel thirst. At every few paces I was obliged to rest on the root of some tree, to take breath: the air was all on fire; the peals of thunder never ceased, and the lightning was like noon-day. I wished for the clothes they had robbed me of during my sleep. God protected me. I found at last a little brook: judge of the satisfaction with which I emptied a calabash full of fresh water, in which I steeped a little flour of maize; I I am sure this draught was better to me than the most delicious wines of Europe. At last I came to Carapari: Lizardi could do nothing with the infidels. Pons joined us again, and we all three spent some days joyfully together. I left my baggage here, and set out again to Caysa, where the people ran to meet me: but I found my cabin in the same state in which I left it. I asked them why they had broken their promise to get it ready against my return? 'You see,' said I, 'that I cannot remain here without a lodging: I will go back again: it is not decent for me to live in your cabins, surrounded with your women. As soon as my cabin is ready, I will dwell among you.' This resolve astonished them so much, that no one said a single word, except the wife of the captain, who approached me, and charged me with inconstancy. I did not remain another moment, but set off, leaving her to devour her anger. The day after my return to Carapari, walking out in the evening, a beautiful moonlight night, with Lizardi, we saw Pons coming towards us in the drollest equipage imaginable; he was mounted on a mule that had neither bridle nor saddle, and he had neither hat nor cassock, nor any clothes but his breeches and waistcoat.

As soon as he had dismounted, he told us his history. The Indians of Tareyri, among whom he was so eager to go, as soon as he entered their village, had put him into this pitiable condition; and they would have sent him away entirely naked, if the captain's son had not, out of compassion, got him out of their hands. I gave him an old cassock, which fortunately was among my baggage, in case of need, otherwise it had been very embarrassing. We then went all three to seek repose under a straw

roof, raised on four stakes, and open on all sides. At midnight, and when we were all in sound sleep, I felt something pull me by the feet ; I awoke, and saw myself surrounded by a troop of women. " Fly quickly," they said, " the Indians of Caysa seek thy life ; they are now watching at every entrance of our village, so that you can hardly escape them."

In a panic of fear, we hurried to the house of the captain where we could hear their snifflings, as they went to massacre us in our sleep.— The chief was absent, but they dared not enter his house, and I said to his little son, Go and seek thy father.— He mounted on horseback, and the hostile guards let him pass, when they found we were still in the village.— When the moon was set, filled with a sudden boldness, contrary to all the entreaties of my companions, I, at the second invitation of the enemy, went forth : the Indians formed a circle round a large fire, all armed, with a bow and arrow in hand, and lance in the air ; they demanded where was our baggage, and said that I should go to Caysa. I withstood them firmly, at which they trembled with rage ; but quickly after the captain of the village, with two other chiefs and many Indians, marched in, and, casting a terrible look at the people of Caysa, " Who are those ?" he cried ; " who seek to kill the fathers ? what ! dare they come to my home on such an errand ?" They were all disarmed — You would think the zeal of this people in our defence a happy augury of their conversion. Alas ! you do not know their character : their ears, and still more their hearts, were closed against the truths we brought. We then made an attempt on the side of Itau, and going on a few miles before my companions, I came all at once on the abode of the Indians, in the heart of the wood. They conducted me to their captain, with whom were three other captains of Chimeo, Zapatera, Caruruti ; but scarcely had I opened my mouth to discourse about the mission, than they stopped me short in a moment, telling me they would not hear a syllable on such a subject. We returned to the valley of Salines, where the father-provincial soon after arrivlng, we gave him an exact account of all our marches among the Chiriguanes, and he judged it was better to abandon to the malignity of their heart a nation so intractable, and so hardened in infidelity. Pons was sent to our " Lady of the Rosary ;" I went to the college of Tariga ; and Lizardi took charge of " the Conception," in the valley of Salines ; where he soon after met with a glorious death. The infidels traversed their forests secretly and approached on the 16th of May, under favor of a thick fog. They rushed into the Church, when Lizardi had begun the mass, and, pulling him from the altar, they tore his vestments, pillaged the sacred vessels, and murdered him. They then took away the ornaments and moveables of his little cabin, of which I was the architect, and carried them away with them.

More fortunate than these three friends, Lucas traversed the country far and near, to find a propitious spot for a colony. On these occasions he was sometimes alone, and penetrated into regions hitherto unknown, even to his restless footstep, and where he had no guide save his own sagacity and experience. Having learned the Indian mode of travelling, he cut notches in the bark of the trees, and broke the slighter branches, in order to trace his way back again. He was often wearied, and knew not where to find shelter at night, for instead of the roof of a friend, he might enter that of a murderer; since by some of the tribes he was mortally hated. After slaking his thirst in the stream, which with the wild fruits was his only repast, he rested sometimes on the bank or beneath the trees, and looked wistfully on every side—but no light twinkled from afar, no wreath of smoke arose, and the howl of the dogs, the guardians of the Indian hamlets, was unheard. He was defenceless, and a shot from an ambush, or the tomahawk of a savage lurking in the high grass, might stretch him lifeless in a moment. He could say, "the night hath he turned into fear unto me."—But there are moments in which the soul is conscious of an unwonted power, and while all is darkening and desolate around, the veil of the spiritual world is unrolled with a peculiar glory. Happy is the constitution of the mind that is kindled by occasional and utter solitude. After the assemblies of the warriors, the festivals, and the monotonous addresses, Cavallero rejoiced to be thus alone, on the voiceless shore and the untrodden plain; to listen to the mournful beauty of the winds, faintly passing near the forest and the mighty river, and lay his head at the foot of some ancient tree, persuaded that he should not perish. But ere he slept he prayed long and fervently; and surely there is a sublimity in the desert prayer, where the shadows of night are falling, when the heavens in their glory are the only canopy, when the watch-fire is burning, and no human being is near. Often, in the wild energy of his soul, he would raise some fervent and favorite hymn, whose loud strains, breaking on the night, seemed to bid defiance, both to men and devils. His spirit was composed of bright and happy elements; it was joyous, and careless of the morrow, and gave fears and anxieties to the winds, while it grasped at every passing and golden moment of faith, exultation, and blessing. He was fortunate in an incomparable temper, a gift that many kingdoms cannot purchase, and which many floods cannot drown: persecuted, pierced with arrows, reviled, he wore the same forgiving smile, and his eye beamed with sweetness and benignity. Of all the mercies that God can bestow, or man can cultivate, is there any so precious as that buoyant, beautiful temper, that "is not easily provoked—that beareth all things—that no enemy can take away?"

He at last found a suitable place for his intended town, on the borders

of a large lake in the vicinity of two tribes, which he had never before visited. As the place increased, other people, neighbors to the manacicas, came from a distance to dwell there. The inhabitants were numerous; but the air not proving healthy, he began lo fear the maladies that had often desolated his flock, and resolved to seek another situation. After some time he discovered a vast and fertile plain, free from marshes and forests, which had on the east the Puyzocas, on the north the Cozocas, and on the west the Cosiricas Indians. He caused the people to leave the shores of the lake, and dwell in this plain, where, aided by the industry and skill of his catechumens, the town was built, called the "Immaculate Conception." A church was also raised, of tolerable size, with its little steeple of wood, which the natives greatly admired. Cavallero, in the pride of his heart, might have looked round and said, "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?" The edifice, about sixty feet long and thirty wide, was scarcely sufficient for the congregation; but it contained a choir, a nave, and a sacristy, with a little chamber at the end to lodge the missionary, who did not relish, like Cyprian Bareze, to sleep every night on the pavement at the foot of the altar. The town stood on the banks of a stream that ran through the plain, which was covered with rich pasturage; and its monotony was relieved by several little hills, scattered here and there, and groves of trees, among which was the noble palm eighty feet high. There were also the cotton shrub, a principal article in the revenue of Paraguay; the wild vine and anana; with a beautiful species of passion flower, which yields, when ripe, a delicious juice, of which the natives and very fond. Even the hospitable abodes of Abetzaico, in the recesees of the forest, could not compete in cheerfulness with "the Conception." He now sought with indefatigable zeal to give his people a love of industry and instruction; and at break of day, while the air was yet fresh and cool, he led them out to cultivate the fields, and to plant maize and Indian corn. The rest of the day, after morning prayers and mass, was occupied in teaching the adults and children. The girls were taught to sew, spin, and other employments of their sex, after they had, with the boys, said their prayers, and recited the catechism in a clear and loud voice. About sunset the children said their beads, those on one side of the church answering to the other; and on Sundays and holidays there were three high masses, at each of which there was a sermon. The missionaries forgot but too often the earnest advice of Xavier: "preaching is a universal good; always prefer those employments which are of a larger extent, to those which are more narrowly confined.—According to that rule, you shall never omit a sermon in public to hear a private confession," The intimate knowledge of the Manacican language, even of its several dialects, acquired by Lucas, could alone quali-

fy him to be generally useful. The day was so engrossed by his many and laborious functions, that he had not time for his own devotions, save in the night. At the end of two years he had established in the "Immaculate Conception" an excellent order and system, one fellow missionary participating in all his cares.

The children were taught to read and write in Spanish, and those who were destined to sing in the church were instructed in the Latin services. The Indians had little of the inventive faculty: but their talent of imitation is wonderful. They can copy paintings and manuscripts, engrave on brass, and make musical instruments; and in a few years most of the useful trades may be found in a settlement, for when the boys are of an age to work, they frequent the workshops, and fix on the employ that most strikes their fancy. There is in Modena a small picture painted by an Indian, and sent over by Cattaneo, who visited some of the remote settlements; the landscape is well designed, but the coloring wants life and strength, and the artist appears not to have had good colors. Other attempts were more successful. Cattaneo writes of a couple of drafts drawn by an Indian with his pen from the original prints, and states that "had they been done by some celebrated hand in Europe, he would have gained credit by the delicacy and easiness of the drawing. It is well known how difficult it is to draw with the pen. An Indian copied a picture of the Conception of our Lady, which the missionaries prized so much as to send it to Vienna, by way of a valuable curiosity." The natives have a fine ear, and they dance and play the lute at the same time with most surprising exactness.

RESIGNATION.

'T is midnight!—e'en the cold pale moon
Shuns my inquiring gaze, and seems
To lend a sombre shadow to my thoughts,
As tho' 'twere better thus in harmony
To share their sadness, than to mock
With brighter rays their dull dark gloom!
Yet why so sad? Am I alone
In this vast wilderness of woe?
Is there no consolation to be felt
E'en in remembrance?—none in hope?
Why have I felt this loneliness, as if
Life had been drained of every better joy,
And spiteful Fortune, with a cruel hate,
Had spent her utmost to invent one pang
Of vast and insupportable dismay,
Wherewith to bow my lofty spirit down,
To goad, and probe, and try where patience
ends?

And has she then succeeded to the full,
And hurled down Resignation from the throne,
Where, spite of rude Affection's keenest stroke,
Fast has she held her proud dominion still?
Where has Religion fled? Not fled, perhaps,
But banished by that base and guilty sin
Which wars the feelings in untimely strife,
Unequal 'gainst the High Almighty's will?
It cannot be, it shall not be, that I,
Who have so struggled with more fearful odds,
Shall now, in dark and most unjust despair,
Pluck off the laurels I have nobly won,
For my own foolishness to trample on.
No! Hear me, just, all-wise, and gracious Judge,
Thy holy will be ever mine; may Thine
Be done, for Thou hast made us as we are,
Made us to love Thee, and ourselves for Thee,
And in Thy wisdom, when Thou dost ordain
Some slight and easy tribulation, then
Teach us to hail with gratitude, not grief,
This signal of Thy recollecting aid.
It feign would draw us by a moment's pain,
From things so transient as our little selves,
To thought of Thee, most loving Judge,
Whose chastisements are happiness, whose love
Beams thro' each simplest and minutest act
That life can testify. 'Tis Thou whose will
Rules every action of our short career,
And guides them thro' the only safe, sure path,
That gives content. Away, then, sinfulness
Of ill-timed misery,—impatient haste,
That, just to suit his own erude purposes,
Would storm e'en Heaven gained its better will
And wise judgment, to accord that boon
Which it hath some good reason to withhold,
Till fitter time, perhaps not distant e'en
But yet deferred, because 'tis Heaven's decree.

EDITORIAL OBSERVATIONS.

The paper on "Ecclesiastical Architecture," from the pen of an old mountaineer, we publish with great pleasure. He is competent to the task of analyzing the character of an art which, of late, has occupied and interested the public mind, at least in reference to its application to Catholic Churches. The style of the Middle Ages, the delight and study of Pugin—we mean the pointed or Gothic style—pleases him best, as most congenial to the nature and purposes of Catholic worship. Certainly we contemplate with marvel and awe the antique and astonishing piles which are extant in some parts of Europe; glorious monuments of the "Ages of Faith." Those, for instance, of Rouen, St. Dennis, Notre-dame, the Cathedral of Cologne, &c., &c., but we must express the senti-

ment we have always entertained regarding this style; that it degenerates into the ridiculous, indeed, in the poor attempts which this country presents as specimens of it. What more absurd than to see flimsy frame edifices, and low, frail, ephemeral brick churches, erected in the "pointed style." The transition from the sublime to the ridiculous cannot be more perfectly elucidated than from the time-hallowed and stupendous cathedrals of Europe to most of the recent and flimsy *Gothic* buildings of the United States.

Another fact has often struck us as peculiarly remarkable: namely, that, whilst we hear the appellation of "Catholic" applied so generally to the pointed style—not one Gothic cathedral or church is to be seen in the centre of Catholicity! Rome can boast of the grandest and most admirable Basilick in the world.—but St. Peter's is not in the pointed style.

We throw out these observations merely as a kind of appendix to the valuable article which we have referred to above, and the perusal of which will afford instruction and pleasure to our numerous readers. We trust that the excellent author will favor us often with similar communications.

From the March number of the "London Quarterly Review," we glean an item of information which we cannot refuse to lay before our readers. Especially as it is a new argument in favor of the enlightenment and scientific eminence of Italy, before the days of the Reformation.

The writer in the article of Aqueducts and Canals, in tracing up the invention of the "Lock," attributes it to the two brothers Domenico, of Viterbo, in 1481, and founds this fact on the testimony of Zendrini, "one of the most distinguished on the long list of *Italian* mathematicians" (page 158.) He quotes the following passage from that philosopher's "*treatise on the laws, phenomena, regulation, and uses of running water.*"—"One of the most efficacious methods of compelling rivers to submit to navigation, when naturally unfitted for it by reason of their rapid descent, is that of the *sostegno*, (or lock.) Among the first to apply a series of locks was Leonardo da Vinci—a master-mind, who, for variety of accomplishment, has no equal perhaps in the records of human genius—'who possessed the hand of Apelles and the head of Archimedes."

We are aware that this invention has been claimed by Holland. But, nevertheless, long before the Reformation. The *placeat* granted by William, Count of Holland, ordaining *transmeatum quemdam aquarum*, dates as far back as the year 1252. So that the "Croton Aqueduct," is not exactly the effect of science and improvement brought about in consequence of the "teaching of the Bible" and the throwing off the tyranical yoke of Roman ignorance and oppression. We recommend to the diligent consideration of every reader

a valuable remark made by the writer in the above named Review: "There is a truth often lost sight of . . . . more often, we fear, in Protestant than Roman Catholic countries—*man does live by bread alone.*"—Page 174.

Bishop Hughes' Letters.—We deem it unnecessary to lay before our readers the two late letters of our distinguished Prelate, called forth by circumstances of the most deplorable nature. They are already in the hands of every one. Of these productions the liberal press has spoken in terms of approbation, and eulogy. The illiberal and intolerant has teemed with abuse and calumny, not only against the Right Reverend writer, but against the Holy Church of which he is the spiritual head in this Diocess. The opportunity of blackening, by aspersion and misrepresentation, both the one and the other, was too favorable for the enemies of truth, justice, and right—for the spirit recently evinced is decidedly opposed to truth, justice and right—not to seize hold of it, with a desperate gripe, and to endeavor to hurl it against the Bishop and the Church. But, thank God, the effort was too violent and daring to succeed. The bad passions may, for a time, prevail over reason and good sense, but their fury cannot extend far, or last long, in this our happy republic. The charter of liberty, which was signed by Catholic hands, defended by Catholic valor, and will, in case of danger, be protected by Catholic blood, as well as Protestant, will triumph over the petty attempts of bigotry, and local intolerance.

It is to be hoped, that now, after the terrible catastrophe in Philadalphia, reason will again exert its sway over the wild and lawless passions—that calm reflection will bring the guilty party to a sense of sorrow and regret. And, who knows, but, that out of the smouldering ruins of our Churches and edifices, may spring up a monument, which, while it records the horrors of fanaticism, will stand as a warning and a caution to future generations. As for us Catholics, "let us," following the good advice of the *Catholic Herald*, "forget and forgive, and in Christian love, shew the happy influence of Religion, which, even in the face of an enemy, discovers a brother." From our intimate knowledge of the feeling, charitable, and forgiving heart of our excellent and gifted Prelate, we will take upon ourselves to affirm that no one will join in that sentiment more cordially, or carry it out in society more practically, than himself. We know, that in the stern and uncompromising determination to vindicate truth, and assert justice, he would shrink from the violation of courtesy, and charity. Of this he has given unequivocal proof, both in his official and private capacity. Would that his opponents and those of our venerable Religion would follow the example which he has given and will give:—then, indeed, would it be said: *Justitia et Pax osculatæ sunt.*

COLUMBIAN LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. *New York, Israel Post, 3 Astor House.*

We have received the June No. of this Magazine, and think it a very fine specimen of what this favorite has ever been—a most worthy periodical.

We regret, however, that our friend should have come out with such a tale as "Sir Peter de Bearn"—or, more correctly speaking, we regret that its author, H. W. Herbert, Esq., should have given us two or three *one-sided* remarks in a tale, otherwise spirited and well-wrought, and illustrative of the period to which it is referred. The character of the illustrious chronicler is hardly a fair one, at least as far as regards his want of information concerning the Pagan deities, and the generally received opinion at that time as expressed by him, in the text: the very common and popular error of slurring at a convent, and of picturing its "*sompnour*" as an excellent caterer, and of presenting you with a wine-bibbing monk, moderately tempering with the pure element, his long cool draught of Bordeaux, is hardly atoned for by the following paragraph—the spirit of which we would like to see more generally diffused:

"What was the purport of their prayers is known to them alone and to Him, who knoweth all things. It may be—it is like enough—that they were fantastical and strange; for men, in those days of almost primitive simplicity were wont to do wild deeds and utter uncouth prayers, for things which, had they gained them, would doubtless have been counted loss to them, not profit; but, at least they were fervent, and sincere, and humble—more so, I fear than many, which are offered now, in the full congregations of our churches, boasting a purer dispensation—offered by gorgeously appareled votaries, who sometimes, it may be well dreaded, bow down the knee, not of the heart, but of the body; and that too, it may be, to win the world's admiration, rather than His compassion, unto whom all hearts are open, and all desires known."

The general excellence of the Magazine is well sustained.

The poetry of this number is unusually good; and the two beautiful engravings (one of which, at least, is remarkably fine) which adorn it render it a worthy companion for its predecessors.

QUARTO FAMILY BIBLE. *D. & J. Sadlier, No. 18 Carmine Street, New York.*

We have received the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th Nos. of this magnificent edition of the Holy Bible, embellished with three splendid steel plates and a family record. These Nos. complete the work, which, for elegance of typography, fine paper and appropriate engravings, will compare with any Bible published in this country. The price is only *Four Dollars.*

INTELLIGENCE.

Episcopal Visitation. — On the morning of Wednesday, the 24th April, the Bishop of Natches arrived at the interesting town of Yazoo.— The city of Yazoo, as it is now called, formerly Manchester, is situated on the Yazoo river, about one hundred miles from its junction with the Mississippi. It is a promising town, filled with an active and industrious population, amounting to about one thousand souls. The stores are numerous and well stocked, and furnish supplies to a very considerable extent of country. The exports of cotton from this town from last year was from fifty to sixty thousand bales. This export must necessarily increase every year in proportion as the fertile banks of the Yazoo and the country around are brought into cultivation. The Catholics in this town are not very numerous, but earnest and zealous. As soon as it was known that the Bishop had arrived, the Hon. E. C. Wilkinson invited him to his residence, where he reecived the visits of the gentlemen Protestant as well as Catholic, of the city. He was invited to preach in the evening, and the Methodist meeting-house was obtained for the purpose. The Bishop complimented them for their zeal —dilated on the importance of religion, and announced that the next day he would discuss the grounds upon which Christianity was founded. The next evening the Methodists refused the use of their meeting-house, so did the Presbytérians, so that the gentlemen were obliged to have recourse to a large hall at the Phœnix House. On Friday the Bishop preached on transubstantiation. It was an able argument, and produced a great effect upon the people. On Saturday he preached on the sacrament of Penance, with equal effect. On all these days the rooms were very much crowded. The Catholics, assisted by several Protestant gentlemen, are determined to build a church at once. The choice of four or five lots has been offered to the Bishop, and a subscription raised of more than four thousand dollars. How much good could not an active and zealous Priest do here! The people are just prepared to receive instruction, and are willing to do so. How great would be the fruit of his labors. The Bishop celebrated mass on Sunday morning at the residence of Judge Wilkinson, in the presence of from forty to fifty Catholics; he administered the holy eucharist to several persons, and baptized several children. After mass the Bishop started, accompanied by Judge Wilkinson, for the town of Benton, where he was expected to preach. He preached in the Methodist meet-

ing-house, and though the weather was bad, his audience was large.—This is the first time that a Catholic Bishop has been seen in these quarters, and his reception every where is the most flattering and promising.—*Catholic Advocate.*

Diocese of Chicago.—*Ordination.*—Right Rev. Dr. Quarters, arrived at his new see on Sunday, the fifth ult. On the feast of the Ascension, sub-deacpnship was conferred by him on Messrs. P. McMahon, and B. McGorisk: deaconship was to be conferred on the same gentlemen on Sunday.—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

Obituary.—Died at Rome, on the 19th April, his eminence, Cardinal Pacca, senior member of the Sacred College, in the 88th year of his age.

Confirmations.—We learn from the U. S. Catholic Miscellany, that this sacrament was administered by the Bishop at the Cathedral, on Low Sunday, to seventy-one persons; at St. Mary's Church on the 21st April, the same was received by nearly forty, and on the 27th in Charleston Neck by forty-two.

On Friday the 12th of April, Messrs. Jeremiah O'Connell and Patrick Coffee, received the tonsure: and on Thursday, the same gentlemen, with Mr. John Kirby—all students of the seminary—received full minor orders. On the 24th May, the same gentlemen were ordained subdeacons, and on the morning of the 25th, they will be elevated to the Priesthood.

On last Sunday forenoon, says the Boston Pilot, the Cathedral Church of this diocese, exhibited a sight cheering to be contemplated. About two hundred persons of all ages, from the adult of either sex, down to the little boys and girls of the congregation, were confirmed through the grace of the sacrament in the faith delivered to the saints. It was a sight full of the most ennobling suggestions. At the altar, by one who inherits his official power from a date prior to the date of this Continent—from the fisherman of the lakes of Gallilee who carried the cross to the shore of the most distant seas; these happy souls were enlisted to go forth braving calumny and coldness for the cause of the Gospel, and as they bore the brunt of opposition and the heat of oppression and the withering frosts of prejudice and custom, so shall they be rewarded in eternity.

Bishop Fitzpatrick sung High Mass in Pontificals, and the sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fenwick, who never was more impressive than in addressing the ductile and fervent memories of his young hearers. To them, as to all who witnessed it, it must indeed have been a happy and memorable day.

On Sunday previous, Rt. Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick administered the same sacrament in Dover, N. H., and Newburyport, Ms., to about 80 persons, amongst whom were several converts.

The new church in Saxonville, we are happy to learn will soon be open-

ed for divine worship. St. Mary's, Endicott street, will be re-opened in a week or two.

Clerical Retreat.—The retreat of the clergy closed on last Tuesday morning, May 7th, when the Rev. J. F. O'Neill celebrated High Mass, during which, the Bishop delivered a most eloquent discourse, and the clergymen received communion.—The celebration of mass was succeeded by a solemn benediction of the blessed sacrament, and the whole closed with a *Te Deum*, sung in the most impressive and affecting tones. Several of the clergymen have already started for their respective missions.—*Catholic Miscellany.*

Retreat, &c.—An ecclesiastical retreat commenced on the 29th of April under the direction of the Very Rev. Father Timon, C. M., in the cathedral of Vincennes.

At the close of the retreat on the fifth instant, a diocesan synod was opened by the Right Rev. Bishop of Vincennes. The sacred ceremonies prescribed by the ritual, were solemnly performed. It lasted three days. Wise regulations and statutes were proposed and adopted for the maintainance of ecclesiastical discipline.—*Catholic Advocate.*

Fair.—A fair was held at Calvert Hall, Baltimore, during the two weeks ending May 11th, for the benefit of St. Mary's Female Orphan Asylum and other religious purposes, which yielded a net profit of about sixteen hundred dollars.

FOREIGN.

London.—*Convent of Mercy.*—On Thursday, the 2nd inst., a profession took place, the second since Easter. On this occasion Miss Henrietta Kellett, of Great Clonard, Wexford, and Miss Elizabeth Baxter, of Mistley, Essex, having terminated their noviciate of two years, made their solemn profession in the Order of our Blessed Lady of Mercy. Thus, since Easter this newly-established community have been augmented by the addition of *three professed Sisters.*

Brotherhood of St. Vincent de Paul. We have received a card, with a cross cut in the centre, securing a half-crown piece, with the following insription, written in the form of a cross :—"N. N. His first subscription to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, for 1844. 3s. 6d." We shall hand in the card to the treasurer at the next weekly meeting, and trust that the example of "N. N." will be generally followed.—*Tablet.*

Ireland.—*Sudden Demise of the Rev. Mr. Mullen, P. P. Hannastown.*—In our last we announced the melancholly occurrence that deprived the people of Hannastown of a most zealous pastor. We have little more to add, at present, further than that, in the opinion of the faculty, the bursting of a blood-vessel was the immediate cause of his much-lamented death. His remains were interred, on Thursday last, in Hannastown chapel, opposite the altar. The Rev. Patrick Dorrian preached the funeral sermon to a crowded and respectable

assemblage of old and young, who flocked to pay the last tribute of respect to the remains of one whose whole life was spent in the service of his God, and in kind offices to all who came within the sphere of his clerical jurisdiction. The Right Rev. Dr. Denvir, assisted by the clergy of Belfast and the surrounding parishes, performed the funeral service. We have seldom witnessed such a scene of silent grief as was manifest in the countenanoe of all who assisted at this melancholy but pious duty.

The Right Rev. Dr. Blake, Bishop of Dromore.—This most amiable and respected prelate arrived, in town yesterday, to advocate the cause of that most meritorious institution, St. Joseph's Asylum, Summer-hill, on Sunday next. This, we believe, is the fifth year consecutively that Dr. Blake has come to town to plead for this infant and struggling charity, at no small inconvenience. We know what it costs Dr. Blake to leave his flock even for a day. And to those who do not know the extent of that sacrifice, there could be no more unequivocal proof of the value which this Christian bishop sets on the asylum, while few will question the correctness of any estimate such a prelate should form. The simple fact of his coming to town year after year to awaken the public to a sense of the claims of the institutlon, is in itself the most eloquent of sermons. We hope, indeed may confidently anticipate, that our fellow-citizens will show by their attendance and liberality on this occasion, that they can appreciate his lordship's zeal and respond to it.—*Belfast Freeman.*

Confirmation of upwards of One Hundred. Children.—This most imposing ceremony of our Holy Church took place on Wednesday morning, in the chapel attached to the South Presentation Convent. The sacred edifice was filled in every part by a respectable congregation, including some of the parents of the children (who are all pupils of this establishment) and who seemed to take a deep interest in the proceedings. Previous to the ceremony, our venerated Bishop made some remarks apposite to the occasion, wherein he inculcated the necessity that existed for every one to receive the sanctifying graces of this holy institutton wlth due reverence, and concluded by emphatically exhorting those who had not been partakers of its spiritual benefits to approach this Holy Sacrament, as the only means by which they would be enabled to withstand the snares and temptations which daily beset their path. After which the Bishop proceeded in the usual form to "confirm" the young postulants, whose religious bearing and pious demeanour could not fail to edify and instruct all who witnessed it, and which confers infinite credit on the sanctified sisterhood under whose fostering care those sterling truths have been imparted to their young minds "which neither rust nor moth will decay."—*Cork Examiner.*

KINSALE.—*Convent of Mercy.*—The branch of this truly admirable in-

stitute, so recently introduced into this town, has already received an increase of its members in the parish of a well-educated and highly-accomplished young lady from the city of Cork. A lay sister had also been admitted within the last week. This auspicious beginning augurs well for the future prosperity and efficiency of an order which God in his mercy has sent amongst us, to administer relief to the indigent poor, or speak the word of religious comfort and consolation to their afflicted hearts, to sustain and cheer them on under their many trials, with the assurance that "the sufferings of this world are not worthy to be compared to the future glory which will be unveilsd to us," and to instill into the minds of the youthful females the principles of her religion, and form her to the habits of every virtue calculated to elevate her character and sanctify her state. Such is the mission of mercy and love in which the happy members of this holy community are already actively engaged.—*Ibid.*

France.—Three hundred Catholics, of Paris, assembled on the 25th ult., in the place Saint Thomas d'Aquin, and thence proceeded to the residence of the Comte de Montelembert, to whom they presented the following address:—

"*Monsieur Le Compte*—We approach you, as Catholics, to explain to you the profound impression, which the eloquent speech you delivered in the Chamber of Peers, in support of Christian liberty, has left upon our hearts. Your words, Monsieur Le Compte, will mark a new epoch in our history. For nearly three centuries, indeed, Catholicism has been progressively disappearing from our institutions. From our manners, from our sciences, from our arts, from onr literature; and now the existence of a spiritual society appears almost an anomaly in the midst of the philosophical society of our day. You have shown to our modern sages, by invoking sixteen centuries of glory, that the French are a most Christian people, the eldest daughter of the Chureh, and on right of that title only does she move at the head of the nations. In vain our legists, misled by superannuated traditions, attempted to abolish liberty of conscience, and pretending that the modern Cæsar—that is to say, the law is at the same time, pontiff, sovereign, end supreme arbiter of our faith: you have branded this most Pagan despotism, by opposing to it the traditions of Catholic France. No; our fathers did not break down the despotism of monarchy merely to bequeath to us the despotism of the philosophers. France has heard you, Monsieur Le Compte; she, in her good sense, has felt that she was Catholic, or she was not herself. Others have admired the sincerity of faith and the masculine freedom of your eloquence. As to us, not content with *admiring*, we have *adopted* your manifesto without reserve. 'I believe, said a great man, that it never was more necessary to surround with all the rays of evidence a truth

of the first order; and I believe further, that truth has need of France.' It is the illustrious Count de Maistre, who testifies by our mouth that you have nobly served both France and truth. In the name of our faith and our patriotism, in union with the Catholic nations who, sighing, turn their eyes towards France, receive this public testimony of adhesion and gratitude. And ever, Monsieur Le Compte, when you shall defend the independence of the Church, the liberty of conscience, the liberty of education, the liberty of the religious orders, the benedictions of all Catholics will ever respond to your words."

The Compte de Montalembert replied—"If I receive with emotion and gratitude the step that you have been good enough to make towards me, if I rejoice to see the Catholics beginning on this occasion to count their numbers and to count their strength, it is certainly not that I desire to see in it any personal compliment to myself, but rather as homage paid to those priuciples of liberty and Catholicism which I had the honor to defend, and that you all bear as much as I do in your hearts. The encouragement you afford me will fortify my resolution. I have need of it, gentlemen; we have all need of it for the struggle in which we are engaged will be as laborious as prolonged. We also have our Catholic emancipation to conquer. The acts emanating from divers persons, which have passed over France, and by which our liberty is shackled. are certainly not quite so cruel and vexatious as the penal code which so long governed the Catholics of a neighbouring country; but they are not less dangerous to the independence of the Church, and they are entirely incompatible with the principles of our constitution. To reconcile our laws, so contradictory and often so oppressive, with the charter so liberal and so just, is a task to which every one of us, each in his own sphere, ought to devote our lives. While the clergy fulfills its holy mission in disciplining our souls, it is for us laymen to pay them the debt, in restoring to them and to ourselves that liberty which is always the prime necessity of the Church. To succeed we can never have too much courage, patience, and confidence in God. Our adversaries are numerous, exasperated, and redoubtable; but our duty is not to conquer, our duty is to fight. For the rest, gentlemen, if any one of our laws is oppressive, if the country itself is often unjust towards us, we never will be so to her. Blessed be the good God who gave for our birthplace a country which has conquered its political liberty, through which we may aspire to religious liberty. Let us bless Him that he has not placed us in one of those lands wherein despotism smothers all complaint, that of the Church as well as that of the people. Let us profit by this to invoke unceasingly publicly, the liberty of the press, and freedom of speech. Let us assume these new arms, these in-

appreciable arms, in the service of this old cause, which will never perish."

The Abbe Combalot was imprisoned at St. Pelagie, on Easter Tuesday, and was released on the morning of the very day of this meeting. His detention has not at all injured his health. By a happy chance the venerable missionary was encountered by the young Catholics as they were leaving the house of Count Motnalembert. He rejoiced on learning the step they had taken; they had the delight of seeing him free, and of testifying their respect for him.

The Archbishop of Paris has addressed a memorioal to the Chamber of Peers, in favor of liberty of teaching, in which Mr. Cousin is roughly handled. This and the use of the word "liberty," in his speech to the King, on the 1st of May, procured for the Archbishop a frown, and the absence of that good will which generally characterises his Majesty.

On the King's Fete day, the Eve of St. Phillip, M. Louis Veuillot and M. Barrier, of the *Univers*, were summoned to appear at the Court of Assizes of the Seine, on Saturday, the 11th May. Whether for the old or new offence, is not stated.

Germany.—*Alleged Conversion of a Prussian Minister.*—The Cologne Gazette has the following from Hanover, 24th ult.—"There is a report that the Count d'Hardemberg, Chamberlain of the King of Prussia, and his ambassador at our Court, has become a Roman Catholic, and this is assigned as the motive for his recall. M. Shulto, the present Minister of Finance, will, it is said, be his successor."

Sicily.—Mgr. Dominic Benoit Balsanco, Archbishop of Monreale (in the Two Sicilias), President of the Commission of Public instruction at Palermo, died there on the 6th of April.

Catholic Missions.—*Conversions &c., in India.*—Mr. Jackson of Muddunpoora, in the Zillah of Buckergunge, with all his family, were received into the Church on the 15th of February, by the Rev. T. Zubiburn, who was on a mission from the Archbishop of Edessa, in the course of which he made several other converts, and only waited for Catechisms in Bengaloo to make many more. News from the Vizagapatam mission (Rev. Mr Egan) and the Secunderabad mission (the Rev. C. Murphy) afford proofs of very consoling success.

Rome.—A letter from Rome, of the 23rd ult., says: "The College of Cardinals will, it is said, be convoked in May, as a Consistory, at the Vatican, when various promotions will be made, and religious affairs in Russia and Spain taken into consideration. Cardinal Spinola is replaced as Legate at Bologna by Cardinal Vannicelli, who is succeeded at Forii by Cardinal Gisi."—*Ami de la Religion.*

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